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THE
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A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES



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NOTES



E owe *The Bookman* an apology. When we commented rather severely on the criticism of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which appeared in its January issue, we took it for granted that Professor Peck or his assistant was responsible for it. It never occurred to us that there were three people living in this world who could misunderstand Mr. Kipling so completely. We were entirely mistaken. There are. Not only that, there is a third person who can write in *The*

Bookman's style. These singular bonds of sympathy, it is easily understood, made the Professor and his assistant feel like men and brothers towards this lucky third individual. Coming across an article he had written in the *British Weekly* of June 22, 1893, what more natural than that they should make extracts from it and pass them off as their own — in a purely fraternal spirit, and simply as a visible token of their communion of style and intellect? They did so, and who shall blame them? Not we, certainly. The New York *Evening Post* says something about plagiarism and theft. But the readers of *THE CHAP-BOOK*, unless we are very much mistaken, will find nothing but brotherly devotion and deference in the following parallel columns:—

British Weekly, June 22, 1893. *The Bookman*, January, 1897.

The test of the great artist is his power to deal with quiet life in the sober daylight. It may be unfair to say that Mr. Kipling is at home only in one dirty corner of India; that when he turns his lantern on a virtue, he makes respectfully off; and that his only hero so far is the devil. But it is true that in his hotly glowing pictures we find no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies. Mr. Kipling has unbounded faith in dynamite, none in heaven.

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With still life Mr. Kipling can do nothing. He cannot work without the electric light. He has nothing of the calm copiousness of the masters. Always afraid of losing the attention of his readers, he never dares to be quiet. That he sensitively appreciates the use of words is undeniable. We should almost say that he is as great a master of invective in English as Lamennais was in French. But he cannot tread softly the paths that lead up to the inner chamber of the mind, for he does not know them. Nor does he ever stand behind his effects. In the highest style of power the personality sinks and fades; Mr. Kipling signs his stories, top and bottom, and all through. There is an unend-

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Mr. Kipling's poetry, which is in some ways more remarkable even than his prose, bears out this view. . . . But without sincerity, tenderness, and self-control, the great effects of the poet cannot be produced. Mr. Kipling amazes us often by his strength and brilliance; some of the snatches prefixed to his stories seem to put him at the head of living singers; and yet we stand in doubt. He never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses, written for a wholly different purpose, to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law. He is loud, but is he sincere? He makes a hit occasionally, but never without making many misses. It is, on the whole, brass-band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy, and tiresome.

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If we have not been able to think so highly as some of what Mr. Kipling has written, it is not because we underestimate his powers. There is no man living who has shown himself possessed of more various and splendid force. There is always hope for a morning of high passion; and Mr. Kipling may do anything if he finds at last that romance does not vanish when the air is mild and clear, and the colour of life is low. As yet he gives the impression of one who has not yet found himself; who is feeling for the spring which, when touched, will disclose the hidden secret of his nature. Our hope for his art is that he may enter the open gate of that region where men learn to think truly of Conscience, Humility, and Death.

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The article in the *British Weekly* from which these extracts are made is three columns in length,—too long, unfortunately, to print in full. Our readers must therefore take our word for the exquisite art with which the Professor and his assistant have selected their passages and joined them together. One notices in the above extracts a certain tampering with the holy original—a comma inserted here, a semicolon dropped there; but, on the whole, the performance may be considered unique as an instance of fraternal fidelity. So far it was thoroughly artistic, a most workmanlike job. The mistakes began when one of the editors of *The Bookman* commenced dancing round New York, buttonholing his acquaintances, and not allowing them to escape

till he had read out the entire criticism and received their congratulations on having at length plumbed Mr. Kipling to the bottom. That was clumsy. Parenthetically, one wonders if there were no younger fowl from whom he could have borrowed some plumage. A four-year-old bird, and a weedy one at that, ought to be past plucking. But it was clumsier still when the following paragraph was permitted to appear two months later in *The Bookman*: "In the January number of this magazine we pointed out what appeared to us to be certain limitations in Mr. Kipling's poetry, and at once a swarm of chuckle-headed persons arose to declare that we had obviously 'a spite against Kipling.' These perfervid individuals should turn back to *The Bookman* for December, 1895, and see what was there said about Mr. Kipling's poetical gifts. In fact, at a time when most of the present adorers of Kipling were puzzling over the question whether or not he was to be taken seriously as a poet, we put on record our enthusiastic admiration of his splendid and stirring lyrical power; just as now, after he has 'arrived,' we feel entitled to point out impartially that his genius has also some fairly obvious temperamental defects. Yet because we do not choose to be found synchronously yapping with all the little dogs of literature, but prefer to maintain our critical independence, we have Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart, with the rest of the puny pack, biting viciously at our heels."

In the light of present knowledge that last sentence is amusing. *The Bookman* certainly was not "synchronously yapping" with any one, for, as we have seen, the article it copied from the *British Weekly* was published four years ago. But we hope for the future that the editors will find some other means of "maintaining their critical independence," short of taking another man's thoughts and palming them off as their own. The *British Weekly* article, by the by, appeared immediately after the publication of *Many Inventions*; *The Bookman*'s transcript, after the issue of *The Seven Seas*. One should bear that in mind, to appreciate the humor of the complaint that Mr. Kipling "never did anything more damaging to his own reputation than his conveyance of some verses, written for a wholly different purpose, to make part of a tribute to his brother-in-law." However, the matter need not be pursued any further. After all, it is only what might be expected from a journal which in one number informed us that Captain Mahan had been too well received on the other side to dare to tell the truth about our naval struggles with England; in another number, made a disgusting personal attack on Mrs. Craigie; and in a third, told a correspondent that, judging by his point of view, he was a waiter in a seaside restaurant.

The subscriptions to the Verlaine monument fund have not been large, even in Paris. Younger

French poets and writers are proverbially poor, and it is from this class that the money has mainly come. Each franc in a way represents a keener appreciation than is usual with such subscriptions. The three largest sums—and they are pathetically small, only one hundred francs—come from somewhat curious sources. One is from “*un Americain anonyme*,” one from Ed. Lepelletier, presumably the publisher in Brussels, the third from a woman, the Baroness Deslandes.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. announce that they “have secured for publication, in book-form only (the serial rights having been suppressed), a new historical novel of about ninety thousand words, by Mrs. Burton Harrison.”

With a great number of novelists there would be a certain disingenuousness of phrasing in that clause “the serial rights having been suppressed.” We do not suggest that Mrs. Harrison had not opportunity to run her novel serially. But the incident does suggest that the time is rapidly coming when this suppression will be very common. In spite of the almost daily founding of new magazines, the serial market is glutted, and it is well known that many first-rate authors are finding great difficulty in selling serial rights and getting fair prices. And book-publication alone is rarely sufficiently remunerative. One well-known American author confessed a year or two ago that the only good his books did him was to give him a certain prestige which enabled him to advance his rates for magazine articles and stories.

The Province of Ontario should be instituted an asylum for the cure of the “fiction fiends” against whom the libraries of the country have at last begun war. The Boston Public Library may exclude *Oliver Optic* from its shelves, and the Carnegie Library of Allegheny may refuse its readers the works of Mrs. Southworth, yet the greed for fiction is not appreciably lessened in our country. The report of the libraries of Ontario shows an absolute decrease in the reading of novels. In Ontario, apparently, is the hope of the race.

In the decent retirement of the May 1st issue of *The Dial* Mr. John Jay Chapman displayed himself as a supple intellectual contortionist, and tied himself deftly into several logical knots. His first step is an uncompromising denunciation of the idea that a magazine ought to make money. (If Mr. Chapman only knew how few magazines do make money, he might have been less harsh with the poor publishers.) Mr. Chapman then assumes the attitude of tacit assumption that no magazine can make money if properly edited. Mr. Chapman gives an admirably succinct paragraph which surely points the way to success for any editor. “A magazine ought to have no policy except the policy of discovering and publishing the live thoughts of living men and wo-

men, and the editor in printing or rejecting ought to be governed by his own personal feelings, his good sense, his taste, his beliefs.”

But the crux of the matter is that Mr. Chapman himself has had an article rejected. It was on a popular author, quite short, thought by several intelligent people to be well-written and entertaining. “The article is now in process of being rejected by all the leading magazines. The real reason of its rejection is that it represents a slightly novel view of a very popular writer; each magazine is afraid that some portion of the public will pick up the number, glance at it, see an unsympathetic view of a favorite writer, and throw down the copy.”

Without stopping to quarrel with Mr. Chapman's too modest view of his own attainments, his position is weakened by the fact that he is perhaps best known for an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on Emerson, in which he differed widely from the accepted view of that very popular author. Again,—and since the fate of Mr. Chapman's manuscript has been made by him, in a way, public property, we feel no hesitation in touching on the matter—it appears that it has been accepted. On the publication of his communication to *The Dial*, a letter was dispatched at once from THE CHAP-BOOK, begging for an opportunity to examine the article in question. Mr. Chapman replied: “The article referred to in your letter has been disposed of.” Now, of course, there may be a thousand reasons why Mr. Chapman would prefer no publication at all to publication in THE CHAP-BOOK, but some more evasive answer was within his power. We take his words to be a simple confession that some editor has wanted the article.

There is much truth in Mr. Chapman's remarks on the flatness and sameness of American magazines. But his own case is a fresh instance of the fact that vigorous and original work is sure to find a place, and that no new writer can be permanently suppressed by the “commercial-minded magazine editor.” We trust Mr. Chapman will recover from his little fit of temper.

Among minor American vices, our trick of sensational advertising comes in for a good deal of censure from the intelligent Britisher. The trouble with most of the gentlemen who write our advertisements for us is that they try to be “smart” and literary, and end by being idiotic. Dry-goods stores are the worst offenders, but publishing-houses run them very close. In some cases the results are not unhappy. Mr. Wanamaker's advertisements, for instance, have for some time seemed to us the brightest and least objectionable feature of the New York *Sun*. But that is merely an accident of proximity. Read them in the New York *Evening Post*, and their enchantment disappears. They are inane enough, to be sure, but they do not touch the low-

est depths. That has been left — it is a real pleasure to point this out — to the London publisher of *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. In all the English daily newspapers there is what is known as an "agony column." Frantic young lovers correspond through its medium in mysterious cryptograms; missing relatives are hunted for, and people hear in it of "something to their advantage." In this column of the London *Daily News* appeared the following searching question:

AMY.—Have you read Mr. Mason's remarkable letter proposing marriage to *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*? — CHARLIE.

Without waiting to give Amy a reasonable time to collect her thoughts, Charlie returned to the attack on the very next morning. Unless there had been some private correspondence between the two outside the newspaper columns, this eagerness to press his views seems rather vulgar.

AMY.—I do not agree with Mr. Mason's opinions expressed in proposing marriage to *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. I am surprised Rose accepted him. What a remarkable woman she was! — CHARLIE.

Amy proved even more remarkable. She said nothing.

A quiet smile must have run round the tables at the Royal Academy banquet when Mr. Alfred Austin rose to respond for Literature; and nobody probably enjoyed the humor of the situation more than Lord Salisbury himself. Looking round on the assembled company, the Poet Laureate divided them exhaustively into princes, prime ministers, gentlemen, and ambassadors. He omitted baronets, of whom an English wit once said they had ceased to be gentlemen and had not become noblemen. Who, asked the Poet, including the Prince of Wales, Sir Edward Poynter, Lord Kelvin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Goschen, and the Marquis of Salisbury in a comprehensive bow, — who would not be proud to entertain such illustrious guests? And then he proceeded in this extraordinary strain:

"But Literature — poor, homeless, houseless, unorganized, unincorporated, unrecognized Literature — it needs, indeed, to be animated by the very spirit of hospitality to invite this poor relation, this Cinderella of the Arts, to so august a company. Once or twice I seemed to remember that Literature was assigned a seat below the salt, and that music and the drama were exalted in its stead. But music and the drama are such fashionable arts, they are so beloved alike of courts and crowds, that they can dispense even with your flattering patronage. But if you once exclude Literature from the test of your more honored guests, it will forfeit the only opportunity which it ever enjoys of consorting at a respectful distance with the great." If that is not the quintessence of snobbery, what is it? What the

gentlemen present thought of this fulsome, groveling creature can only be faintly imagined. The Poet Laureate has surely been a hack Conservative journalist long enough to learn something about Lord Salisbury. He cannot seriously think that his appointment was anything but a stroke of that distinguished statesman's cynical wit. It is quite time he began to realize his position. So long as he writes poetry, he is simply a joke. Directly he rises into prose, he is a nuisance.

Mr. Stephen Crane's war correspondence from Thessaly would probably have been a good deal better if he could have kept his eyes shut. Unfortunately, it was his business to keep them open, and the result was a conflict between his imagination and his eyesight. Reading his letters, we see regretfully that the eyesight won; that instead of an electric impressionist sketch of battle, worthy of the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, he forced himself to give us an accurate, colorless description of what was actually passing beneath him. We miss the lurid touches, the flashing adjectives that two years ago lit up war for us as though by lightning, Mr. Crane imagining a battle is a writer, an artist; describing a battle, he is merely a reporter, and not, it must be added, an especially clear or capable one. Yet there are things he can portray even if he has seen them. His account of the first view of the European fleets off Crete, written on board the French steamer *Gaudiana*, has some admirable passages in it.

This vignette of a British midshipman, to which the *Academy* has already called attention, is certainly worth reading:

"Down in the launch there was a middy who was a joy. He was smaller than a sparrow, but — my soul! — how bright and Napoleonic and forcible he was! He was as busy as a hive of bees. He had no time for poses and genuflections, and other amusements. Once indeed he looked up from his business to the deck of the ship, and this infant had a stern, quick glance, a man's eye. It was like hearing a canary-bird swear to watch this tot put a speaking-tube to his mouth. He was so small that a life-sized portrait of him could be painted on a sovereign, this warrior! She would be a fool of a mother who would trust him in a pantry where there were tarts, and his big sister can box his ears for some years to come; but of course there is no more fiery-hearted scoundrel in the fleet of the powers than this babe. . . . No hoary admiral can dream of the wild slaughter and Hades on the bosom of the sea that agitate this babe's breast. He is a damned villain. And yet may the God of Battle, that sits above the smoke, watch over this damned villain, and all other little damned villains like him."

That is magnificent, but it is not war; and, as we said, when it comes to actual battle, this picturesque-

ness vanishes, and down goes Mr. Crane to the level of the average descriptive reporter. We have only found one passage in his later letters in any way above the standard of ordinary war correspondence. "The roll of musketry," he says, describing the fighting at Velesino, "was tremendous. From a distance it was like the tearing of a cloth; nearer, it sounded like rain on a tin roof, and close up it was just a long crash after crash. It was a beautiful sound,—beautiful as I had never dreamed. It was more impressive than the roar of Niagara, and finer than thunder or avalanche—because it had the wonder of human tragedy in it." That is fairly good, but, on the whole, Mr. Crane seems to have been somewhat worsted in his first great conflict with facts. The literary honors of the war belong easily to Mr. G. W. Steevens of the London *Daily Mail*, who within the past year has won the reputation of being the best special correspondent to be found in England. His fortunate ignorance of tactics and strategy kept him from spoiling the easy, pointed vivacity of his personal impressions by any display of amateur technique. Only one man could have excelled him, but though Mr. Rudyard Kipling announced his readiness to serve, no paper was able to make any definite arrangements with him.

So far as producing "literary plays" goes, the Théâtre Français, L'Œuvre, and the New Century Theater are apparently to find their only corresponding American representatives in the various schools of acting. Each year is offered the spectacle of the death of various schemes for endowed theaters, or theaters supported by subscriptions, which shall regenerate the drama. And every year, under the somewhat obscure auspices of "conservatories," and with a financial support resulting from personal curiosity on the part of friends of the half-fledged actors, the "literary drama" does in some sort get a hearing. It is not especially to our national credit that experiments in dramatic art are relegated to inexperienced hands, but it is greatly to the credit of those who undertake these enterprises that the public languor does not prevent an attempt at things really worth while.

A week ago, in Chicago, Miss Anna Morgan and her pupils from the *Chicago Conservatory*, did their part towards the solution of the question, "Will literary plays 'act' as well as they 'read'?" The plays selected were two from Mr. Henry B. Fuller's curious volume, *The Puppet Booth*. This choice was a daring one; the book had already non-plussed most of its readers. To the work Miss Morgan brought considerable understanding, and real diligence and thoughtfulness as to costumes and scenery. With her material for actors, she probably did all that could be hoped for; a certain Mr. Carew indeed played a swashbuckling cavalier with a real swing. In *Afterglow* Mr. Fuller attempted

to do a "curtain-raiser" on fairly conventional lines, and on the same lines achieved a moderate failure. The false report of the death of a dramatic poet, and the resulting reconciliation with supposed enemies who come to attend his funeral, would probably have been more effectively if less cleverly done by a half-dozen playwrights one might name. The second play, *The Stranger Within the Gates*, is a delightfully good-humored satire on the modern romance, with its prodigiously valorous hero, and its indiscriminate use of the "vorpel blade." This play would have delighted a highly cultivated, slightly *ennuyé* audience, such as it seems almost impossible to gather into an American theater. The people in the Grand Opera House were awed, but not charmed, by their failure to understand. Their appreciation of *Afterglow* was delightful. By the unintentionally ludicrous appearance of one of the characters in this piece, they were set galloping along the wrong track, and to Mr. Fuller's pathos they shrieked out an accompaniment of laughter, all the while believing that they were engaged in a delicate appreciation of literature. A newspaper critic is reported as saying that he did not like this pre-Raphaelite sort of thing, anyway. But in spite of all this the "literary play" did get in some sort, a hearing, and the effort was an ambitious and interesting one.

The officials of most, if not all, the libraries in our great cities have not yet grown out of the habit of treating the people who frequent libraries for the purpose of reference and research as so many babes and sucklings. In particular, they show their contempt for them by forbidding them the use of ink. The leading library in New York cannot trust its patrons with any weapon more destructive to books and library floors than a pencil; and the exquisite exasperation of making extensive notes with a pencil, and of having to copy them out in ink when you get home, can only be appreciated by those who have had to undergo the humiliation. It is a downright insult to one's ability to behave as a civilized being. Why cannot the trustees of the Astor Library bring themselves to admit that the students and readers, for whose comfort they are responsible, are, for the most part, respectable grown-up citizens, long familiar with the use of ink, and capable of handling it without ruining books, chairs, tables, or the immaculate floor? In none of the European libraries, so far as we know,—certainly not in the British Museum, the greatest of them all,—is this absurd restriction in force. They seem to realize, over there, that a public library exists for its readers, not for its books, or even for its cocoanut matting; and they run the risk of an occasional blot for the pleasure of providing their readers with the means of making the library a useful institution.



VENEERING

EMERSON says of Montaigne's work, "Cut these sentences, and they bleed," they were so charged with the quality of living, breathing man. This, I take it, is always the first success in writing—to give this concrete, flesh-and-blood reality to your ideas, to bring them out of the limbo of the vague, the featureless, the vapory, and give them form, reality, identity. One would have his reader always feel that he is walking upon real ground, dealing with real ideas and distinctions, and not with mere words.

To give the impression of substance, to make the thought as tangible to the mind as outward objects to the senses, to give weight, form, solidity to your periods,—that is the great art.

Only such writing begets any heat and desire in the reader. This sense of reality, and power to impart it, distinguishes the master from the tyro. How many books one looks into that are only words, words; only simulated ideas and distinctions. Thoreau said he would not, in his life, be as one who drove a nail into mere lath and plaster. Neither would one be so in his writing; he would feel for and reach the solid timber. But probably four fifths of the writing of any given time is a mere driving of nails into the shallow lath and plaster; the beams and studding of reality are never touched. Every writer, I fancy, has to guard against these hollow places in his work. If after many days, when he takes it up, he can say to himself, "This is real; I have struck solid timber here," he is happy. But if it offers no resistance to the mind, if it is a mere veneer of fine words, if he is wise how surely he cuts it out.

If the poet's passion is real, if the cry is from his heart, how quickly we know it. And if it is all a mere feigning, if it is all a trick of his art, if he has sought to invoke the feeling by the mere use of words and tropes, how quickly we know that. The feeling must come first; it must seek the words, and not the reverse. But in a time like ours, passion lags; art leads; the poets are more in love with poetry than with things; the heat and the desire which should be spontaneous, and from within, are sought to be developed by the mere friction of words and fancies from without. In fact, the great trouble with our young poets is that they want to write poetry. Their prayer is, "O Lord, what shall I do to be a poet?" When their prayer is, "O Lord, give me deeper religiousness and a more fervent love of thy works," there will be some hope for them. The muse is not partial to those who so industriously woo her, but to those who think some noble thought or experience some noble emotion. She cannot be run down or cornered. She comes to those whose eye is single and who love disinterestedly. She followed Burns at his plow because Burns loved the daisy and the mouse before he loved her. She takes up

her abode with lowly and lonely Johanna Ambrosius because hers is the same heart that gives itself freely and joyously to all things. Love is the great secret. Renan diagnosed the literary disease—the disease of which we all have a touch in this bookish age. We have this disease when we value things only for the literary or artistic effects which may be wrought out of them, or when we read life and nature through the spectacles of books. Now, it is safe to say that no real poetry or real literature was ever the work of men who loved literature more than they loved reality, or who valued things chiefly for the literary effects that could be produced from them.

Probably the country was never before so full of young men and women who want to be writers, or who want to get into literature. Be somebody first, love something, think something, feel something,—that is the ground to start from. If the well is dry, priming the pump will not help matters. Turn your back upon literature in your enthusiasm for some worthy reality, and the first inexorable conditions are already fulfilled.

Seeking inspiration from books is a kind of inter-marriage of thought, an intellectual breeding-in-and-in process, that surely leads to a falling off in freshness and power.

There is no objection to art for art's sake—if a great, potent, quickening spirit is revealed or brought to bear upon our spirit, as in Shakespeare. But usually the only thing revealed is art, or artifice, craftsmanship, as in Swinburne. Poe almost justifies himself in *The Raven*. It means nothing; it is simply a conjuring with words and rhythmic effects, but there are glimpses of a strong spirit back of it. The poet need not have a lesson or a message for us, but he must, at least, lay a quickening finger upon us and break new grounds in our minds and spirits. Shakespeare has no message for us but Shakespeare. Whitman, no message but Whitman. The lesser poets have no message for us but art—the pleasure of nice verbal effects. Power—what do we need or crave so much as power? Art or no art, style or no style, so that we only get power. People write novels with a purpose because they have not pure power to give us. The purpose is the substitute for the personality. Their individual subjectivity is slight, so they exhibit a theme or moral. They cannot bring down the sun or moon with their shafts, so they set up a mark. Of course the highest order of genius works as nature does, sings for the joy of singing, creates for the joy of creating. It is sufficient unto itself, and does not need to draw upon an artificial reservoir. Any one might write a novel with a purpose, but to write a great novel without a purpose, to roam free and at ease in all fields, to take the whole of life for your province and draw out and interpret the universal—that is another matter.

A man like Poe is of the true poet type, un-

doubtedly, but his contribution is unimportant, because there was not enough of him; he does not cut deep. There is a mastery in him not in Longfellow, but Longfellow will outlive him because he was a winning, genial personality, and his works are sweet and wholesome. Poe's mastery is over the elements of verse, not over the elements of life or spirit. He compels my admiration, but does not command my love. He is strong as a craftsman, but not primarily as a man. He is a great artificer, but not a great creator. Shelley, Swinburne, Rossetti, and all of that ilk, do not fail as artists, but as men. They are more like veneer than solid stuff.

Literary veneering—how much there is of it in the world, that looks like the thing it is not; religious veneering, also. How it pulls off when you put a little strain upon it. It will not stand use at all. It is for Sunday and good clothes.

Stevenson had a great talent, a finer literary equipment than Scott, and yet Scott is the mountain, Stevenson is the grassy fell. Scott was a great nature; Stevenson, a fine nature. Are the men of the large type all gone—the race of giants ended? All the new men are “light-weights,” wonderful craftsmen, but not great natures. The last of our giants, such as they were, died with Holmes. Ruskin and Spencer still hold out in England, but are not the new men over there, as here, all of a smaller, finer type? Watson's poems are fine, but are they great?

The other day I asked a man, who had been for over thirty years a professor in one of our large colleges for women, if he noticed any marked or nameable difference in the character of the girls to-day, who came under his influence, from those of twenty or more years ago. He reluctantly confessed that there was an appreciable difference,—a difference in earnestness; the girls of to-day were less serious and earnest than those of a decade or more ago. More of them were *sent* to college, fewer of them *sent* themselves. The diploma was more the end and aim, than an education. I think this is what one might expect. It is probably the same in men's colleges. The leisure classes are increasing in this country; their sons and daughters make a larger and larger percentage of college students; and how can the children of idleness and ennui have any seriousness or force of character? The poet's declaration that “life is real, life is earnest,” does not apply with much force to the wealthy class in this country. In earlier and more primitive communities, the wealthier class led in war and politics. On them the heaviest burdens fell, and there was little deterioration in their offspring.

It is no doubt true, that, as a rule, the increase of numbers is not favorable to the production of great men. Because an increase in numbers means an

increase in wealth, in leisure, in the comforts and conveniences of life. It means less noble struggle and hardship,—less self-denial and simplicity of the middle classes on the one hand, and more killing, ignoble poverty for the lower classes on the other. The production of great men, it seems, requires a certain heroic fiber in a community, a certain degree of plain living, and if not of high thinking, then of serious and worthy aspiration. The chances of a great man being born in this country were probably vastly greater fifty or seventy-five years ago than at present, notwithstanding so many more children are brought into the world. Poverty is a better parent than riches; the initial impulse which it gives is so much greater. Families run down and run out unless they are kept wound up by serious effort and purpose. The farther we get from primitive and pioneer conditions, from the direct struggle with elemental forces, the less, it seems, are our chances to produce a great character. A certain isolation, a throwing back of men upon themselves, a deepening and strengthening of the basic human qualities, seems necessary. The country produces more remarkable characters than the city, because life is more serious and simple there. The struggle is not so sharp, but it is worthier; it is more a struggle with nature. The curse of the city is over-stimulation; it is spirits compared with matter. It depletes and exhausts; it fascinates while it kills. The city will get more out of a man than the country; it stimulates him more, and kills him sooner. Our Civil War ought in time to bear fruit in character, but probably it will not be till the second generation following, and the results ought to be greater in the South than in the North. The sons of the sons of the Revolution were not remarkable, but out of *their* sons came our band of notable men.

Why do imitations displease us? If we are fond of an author, why should not anything that recalls his quality and style to us give us pleasure? I suppose it is because we want things at first hand. One may like the taste of fish, but not in a duck; or he may like the flavor of onions, but not in the milk or butter. The imitator gives us the flavor of the original, but it is not the same; it has deteriorated in some way. If it was exactly reproduced, it would give us pleasure. Readers of the early numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* may remember an imitator of Emerson who appeared there—a writer who had not only caught Emerson's style and tricks of expression, but the very quality of his thought. Two essays I recall, one on “Genius” and one on “The Ideal Tendency,” both intensely Emersonian, but both surprisingly good, full of the real stuff. They did not have quite the gristle and grip of Emerson: they were Emerson softened and mollified a little, but they gave one real pleasure and stimulus, because the man had real thoughts of his

own. Here is the opening paragraph of the essay on "The Ideal Tendency":

"We are all interested in Art; yet few of us have taken pains to justify the delight we feel in it. No philosophy can win us away from Shakespeare, Plato, Angelo, Beethoven, Goethe, Phidias,—from the masters of sculpture, painting, music, and metaphor. Their truth is larger than any other,—too large to be stated directly, and lodged in systems, theories, definitions, or formulas. They suggest and assure to us what cannot be spoken. They communicate life, because they do not endeavor to measure life. Philosophy will present the definite; Art refers always to the vast—to that which cannot be comprehended, but only enjoyed and adored. Art is the largest expression. It is not, like Science, a basket in which meat and drink may be carried, but a hand which points toward the sky."

This is not a base counterfeit; it has real value, but probably the essay in which it appeared would never have been written but for Emerson.

Some current imitations of Whitman are base counterfeits, but one can hardly regard Edward Carpenter's *Toward Democracy* as such. Here, again, the manner of the original is caught, but Carpenter himself is a real literary force, and has something of his own to say. He strikes one as a sort of refined and feminine Whitman. In reading him you do not feel anything like the tremendous impact of Whitman's mind and personality upon yours that one experiences in *Leaves of Grass*, but you are constantly reminded of Whitman's tone and manner, and of his fervent democracy. Whitman's egoism, or personality, plays about the same part in his *Leaves* that the underlying rocky strata plays in the landscape; it shapes and determines all; you feel its life or see its thrust everywhere; the very soil is fattened by it. The rock basis of Mr. Carpenter is far less, but the field he cultivates has a fertility not entirely derived from Whitman, and to that extent is our interest and profit in his book.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE LESSON

BECAUSE she was so young and fair
And it was spring, all tenderly
They placed white hyacinths in prayer
Upon her whiter breast; but he
Who loved her best cursed in his heart,
Holding it was God's mockery,
All evil, nothing good, to part;
And so he mourned, till suddenly
Upon a day he awakened, o'er
A grassy mound again to see
White hyacinths, and at the core
Of every bloom a honey-bee.

WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.

THE GOD OF BATTLES

"Sovereign of the world, . . . these sabres hold another language to-day from that they held yesterday." — VATHEK.

IT happened so unexpectedly, so abruptly, that she forgot to scream. A moment before, she had glanced out of the pantry windows, dusting the flour from her faded pink apron, and she saw the tall oats motionless in the field, and the sunlight sifting through the corn. In the heated stillness a wasp, creeping up and down the window pane, filled the dim house with its buzzing. She remembered that, then she remembered hearing the clock ticking in the darkened dining-room. It was scarcely a moment; she bent again over her flourpan, wistful, saddened by the summer silence, thinking of her brother. Then again she raised her eyes to the window.

It was so sudden, and she did not scream. Had they dropped from the sky, these men in blue, these toiling, tramping, crowding creatures? The corn was full of them, the pasture, the road. They were in the garden; they crushed the cucumbers and the sweet-peas. Their muddy trousers tore tendrils from the melon-vines. Their great shoes, plodding across the potato-hills, harrowed the bronzed earth and levelled it to a waste of beaten mould and green-stuff. They passed, hundreds, thousands, she could not tell, and at first they neither spoke nor turned aside; but she heard a harmony, subtle, vast as winds at sea, a nameless murmur that sweeps through brains of marching men, the voiceless prophecy of battle.

Breathless, spellbound, she moved on tiptoe to the porch, one hand pressed trembling across her lips. The field of oats shimmered a moment before her eyes, then a blue mass swung into it and it melted away, sheared to the earth in glittering swaths as gilded grain falls at the sickle's sparkle. And the men in blue covered the earth, the world—her world, which stretched from the orchard to Benson's hill, nearly a mile.

There was something on Benson's Hill that she had never before seen. It looked like a brook in the sunshine. It was a column of infantry, rifles slanting in the sun.

Somebody had been speaking to her for a minute or two, somebody below her on the porch steps, and now she looked down and saw a boy, slim, sunburnt, wearing yellow gauntlets and spurs. His dusty uniform glimmered with gilt and yellow braid. He touched the vizor of his cap and fingered his sword-hilt. She looked at him listlessly, her hand still pressed to her lips.

"Is there a well near the house?" he asked. After a moment he repeated the question.

Men with red crosses on their sleeves came across the grass, trailing poles and rolls of dirty canvas.

She saw horses, too, dusty and patient, tied to the front gate. A soldier with a yellow patch on his sleeve stood at their heads holding a red flag in one hand.

Something tugged gently at her apron, and "Show me the well, please," repeated the boy beside her.

She turned mechanically into the house. He followed, caking the rag carpet with his boot's dry mud. In the woodshed she started and turned tremblingly to him, but he gravely motioned her on, and she went, passing more swiftly under the trees of the orchard to the vine-covered well-curb.

He thanked her. She pointed at the dipper and rope; but already, blue-clad, red-faced soldiers were lowering the bucket, and the orchard hummed with the buzz of the wheel.

She went back to the porch, not through the house, but around it. Across the little lawn lay crushed stalks and dying flowers, and the potato-patch was a slough of muddy green.

Soldiers passed in the sunshine. She began to remember that her brother, too, was a soldier, somewhere out in the world. He had been a soldier for nearly a week, ever since Jim Bemis had taken him to Willow Corners to enlist. She remembered that she had cried and gone into the pantry to make bread and cry again. She remembered that first night, how she had been afraid to sleep in the house, how, at dusk, she had gone into the parlor to be near her mother. Her mother was dead, but her picture hung in the parlor.

Soldiers were passing, clutching their rifle-butts with dirty hands, turning toward her countless sun-dazzled eyes. The glitter on gun-barrels, the dancing light on turning bayonets, the shimmer and sparkle of belt and button, dazed and wearied her.

Somebody said:

"We're the boys for the purty girls. Have ye no eyes for us, lass?"

Another said:

"Shut up, Mike; she's not from the Bowery." And "G'wan, ye dead rabbit!" retorted the first. A flag passed, and on it she read, "New York," and another flag passed, dipped to her in grim salute, while the folds shook out a faded "Maine."

She began to watch the flags. She saw a regiment plunge into the trampled corn, but she knew it was not her brother's, because the trousers were scarlet, and the caps hung to the shoulders, tasselled and crimson.

"Maryland, Maryland, Maryland, 60th Maryland," she repeated; but she did not know she spoke aloud until somebody said, "It's yonder," and a blue sleeve swept toward the west.

"Yonder," she repeated, looking at the ridge, cool in the beech wood's shadow.

"Is it the 61st Maryland you want, miss?" asked another.

"Silence," said an officer wheeling a sweating horse past the porch.

She shrank back, but turned her head toward the beech woods. As she looked, a belt of flame encircled the forest, once, twice, again, and yet again; and through the out-rushing smoke, the crash, crash, crash, of rifles echoed and re-echoed across the valley.

All around her thousands of men burst into cheers, a deeper harmony grew on the idle breeze, the solemn tolling of cannon. The flags—the bright flags—spread rainbow wings to the rising breeze. They were breasting the hills everywhere. The din of the rifles, the shooting, the sudden, swift, human wave sweeping by on every side, thrilled her little heart until it beat out the long-roll with the rolling drum.

In the orchard the rattle of the bucket and the creak and whirr of the well-wheel never ceased. A very young officer sat on his horse, eating an unripe apple and watching the men around the well. The horse stretched a glossy neck toward the currant bushes, mumbling twigs and sun-curved leaves. A hen wandered near, peering fearlessly at the soldiers.

The girl went into the kitchen, reached up for her sun-bonnet dangling on a peg, tied it under her chin, and walked gravely into the orchard. The men about the well looked up as she passed. They admired respectfully. So did the very young officer, pausing, apple half-eaten. So, perhaps, did the horse, turning his large, gentle eyes as she came up.

The officer wheeled in his saddle and leaned toward her deferentially, anticipating, perhaps, complaint or insult.

In Maryland, "Dixie" was sung as often as "The Red, White, and Blue."

Before she spoke, she saw that it was the same officer who had asked her where the well was. She had not noticed he was so young.

"I am sorry," he said; and, as he spoke, he removed his cap. "I am very sorry that we have trampled your garden. If you are loyal, the government will indemnify you."

The sudden roar of a cannon somewhere among the trees drowned his voice. Stunned, she saw him, undisturbed, gather his bridle with a deprecatory gesture. His voice came back to her through the ringing in her ears.

"We do not mean to be careless, but we could not turn aside, and your farm is in the line of advance."

Her ears still rang as she spoke, scarcely hearing her own voice.

"It is not that. I am loyal. It is only I wish to ask you where my brother's—where the 60th Maryland is."

"The 60th Maryland? Oh, why, it's in King's Brigade, Walcott's Division. I think it's yonder." He pointed toward the beech woods.

"Yonder? Where they are firing?" Again the cannon thundered, and the ground shook under her.

She saw him nod, smiling faintly. Other mounted officers rode up. Some looked at her curiously, others glanced carelessly. The attitudes of all were respectful. She heard them arguing about the water in the well, and the length of the road to Willow Corners. They spoke of a turning movement—of driving somebody to Whitehall Station. The musketry on the hill had ceased; the cannon, too, were silent. Across the trampled corn a regiment moved listlessly to the tap, tap, of a drum. On the road that circled Benson's Hill mounted soldiers were riding fast in the dust. Several little flags bobbed among them. Metal on shoulder and stirrup flashed through the dust, burnished by the mid-day sun.

She heard an officer say that there would be no fighting, and she wondered, because the musketry began again—little spattering shots among the beeches on the ridge, and behind the house drums rolled, and a sudden flurry of bugle music filled the air. Other officers rode up, some escorted by troopers, who bounced in their saddles and grasped long-staffed flags, the butts resting in their stirrups.

She reached up, and bent down an apple bough studded with clustered green fruit. Through the leaves she looked at the officers.

The sunshine fell in brilliant spots, dappling flag and cap and the broad backs of horses. There was a jingle of spurs everywhere. The hum of voices and the movement were grateful to her, for her loneliness was not of her own seeking. In the pleasant summer air the distant gunshots grew softer and softer. The twitter of a robin came from the ash tree by the gate.

Out on the road by Benson's Hill the cavalry were still passing. The little flags sped along, rising and falling with the column, and the short clear note of a trumpet echoed the robin's call.

But around the house the last of the troops had passed. She could see them, not yet far away, moving up among the fields toward the ridges where the sun burned on the bronzing scrub-oak thickets. The officers, too, were leaving the orchard, spurring on, singly or in little groups, after the disappearing columns. From the main road came a loud thudding, and pounding, and clanking—a battery of artillery, the long guns slanted, the drivers swinging their thongs, passed at a trot. After it rode soldiers in blue and yellow, then wagons passed, ponderous, grey wains covered with canvas, and on either side clattered more mounted troopers, their drawn sabres glittering through the heated haze.

She stood a moment holding the apple bough, watching the yellow dust hanging motionless in the rear of the disappearing column. When the last wain had creaked out of sight, and the last trooper had loped after it, she turned and looked at the silent garden, trodden, withered, desolate. She drew a long breath. The apple bough flew back, the little green apples dancing. A bee buzzed over a trampled geranium. A robin ran through the

longer grass and stopped short, head raised. Beyond Benson's Hill a bugle blew faintly. Distant rifle-shots sounded along the ridge. Then silence crept through the sunlit meadows, across the levelled corn, across dead stalks and stems—a silence that spread like a shadow, nearer, nearer, over the lawn, through the orchard to the house, and then from corner to corner, dulling the ticking of the clock, stifling the wasp on the window, driving her before it from room to room.

On the musty hair-cloth sofa in the parlor she lay, face flung down, hands pressed to her ears. But silence entered with her, stifling the sob in her throat.

When she raised her head it was dusk. She heard the murmur of wind in the trees, and the chirre of crickets from the fields. She sat up, peering fearfully into the darkness, and she heard the clock ticking in the kitchen, and the rustle of vines on the porch. After a moment, she rose, treading softly, and felt along the wall until her hands rested on her mother's picture. And, no longer afraid, she slipped silently across the room and through the hallway to the pantry.

It was nearly moonrise before she had cooked supper, and when she sat down alone at the long table, the moon, huge, silvery, stared at her through the window.

She sipped her tea, turned the lamp-wick a trifle lower, and ate slowly. The little grey, dusk moths came humming in the open window and circled around her. The porch dripped with dew. There was a scent of night in the air.

When she had sat silent a little while dreaming over the sins of a blameless life, there came to her a peace, so sudden, so perfect, that she could not understand. How should she know peace? What thought of the past might bring comfort? She just remembered her mother, that was all. She loved her picture in the parlor. As for her father, he had died as he had lived—a snarling drunkard. And her brother? A lank, blue-eyed boy, dissipated, unwholesome, already cursed with his father's sin. What comfort could he be to her? He had gone away to enlist. He was drunk when he did it.

She thought of all these things, her finger-tips resting on the edge of the table. She thought, too, of the soldiers passing, of the crash of rifles, the drums, the cheering, the sunlight flecking the backs of the horses in the orchard.

There was a creak at the gate, a click of a latch, and the fall of a foot on the moonlit porch. She half rose; she was not frightened. How she knew who it was, God alone knows; but she looked up timidly, peacefully, understanding who was coming, knowing who would knock, who would enter, who would speak. And yet she had never seen him but once in her life.

All this she knew. This child made wise in the space of time marked out by the tick of the kitchen

clock. But she did not know that the memory of his smile had given her the peace she could not understand. She did not know this until he entered, dusty, slim, sunburnt, his yellow gauntlets folded in his belt, his cap and sabre in his hand. Then she knew it. When she understood this, she stood up, pale, uncertain. He bowed silently, then stepped forward, fumbling with his sabre-hilt. She motioned toward a chair.

He said he had a message for the master of the house, and glanced about vaguely, noting the single place at table and the single plate. She said he might give the message to her.

"It is only that — if I do not inconvenience you too much," — he smiled faintly — "if you would allow me — well, the truth is, I am billeted here for the night."

She did not know what that meant, and he explained.

"The master of the house is absent," she said, thinking of her brother.

"Will he return to-night?" he asked.

She shook her head. She was thinking that she did not want him to go away. Suddenly the thought of being alone laid hold of her with fresh horror.

"You may stay," she said faintly. He bowed again. She asked him if he cared for supper, with a gesture toward the table, and when he thanked her, she took courage, and told him where to hang his cap and sabre.

There was a small room between the parlor and the dining-room. She offered it him, and he accepted gratefully. While she was in the kitchen toasting more bread, she heard him go to the front door and call. There came a clatter of hoofs, a quick word or two, and as she re-entered the dining-room, he met her smiling. "My orderly," he explained; "he may sleep in the stable, may he not?"

"My own bedroom is all I have here," she said.

"Not — not the one you gave me?" he stammered.

She nodded.

"You may have it. I often sleep in the parlor. I did when my brother was home."

"If I had had any idea —" he burst out. She stopped him with a gesture; but he insisted, and at last he had his own way. "If I may sleep in the parlor, I will stay," he said; and she nodded, half-smiling, and seated herself at the table.

He ate a great deal. She wondered a little, but smiled again at his excuses, and insisted that he must have more tea. She watched him. The lamp-light fell softly on his boyish head, on his faint, crisp moustache and bronzed hands. He ate much bread and butter, and many eggs. He spoke about his orderly and the horses, and presently asked for a lantern. She brought him one lighted, and also

a tray of food for the orderly. When he had gone away with his lantern, she rested her white face in her hands and looked at his empty chair. She thought of her brother. She thought of the village people who had leered askance when she was obliged to go to the store at Willow Corners. The mention of her father's name, of her brother's name, in the village, aroused sneers or laughter. As long as she could remember, the one great longing of her life had been to be respected. She had seen her father fall at night in the village street, drunk as a hog. She had seen her brother reel across the fields at noonday. She knew that all the world knew — her world — that she was merely one of a drunkard's family. She never spoke to a neighbor, nor did she answer when spoken to. She carried her curse and her longing, supposing she was a thing apart. In the orchard at mid-day, a man — a young boy — a soldier, had spoken to her, and looked at her in a way she had never known. All at once she realized, dreaming in the lamplight, that she was a woman to him, like other women — a woman to be spoken to with gentle deference — a woman to be approached with courtesy. She had read it in his eyes. She had heard it in his voice. It was this that brought to her a peace as gracious, as sweet, as the eyes that had met her own in the orchard.

He was coming back from the stable now. She heard his spurs click across the grass by the orchard. And now he had entered, now he was there, sitting opposite, smiling vaguely across the table. A rush of tears blinded her, and she looked out into the night, where the white moon stared and stared.

She found herself in the parlor, after a while, silent, listening to his voice. And all about her was peace, born of the peace within her breast.

He told her of the war. She had never cared before, but now she cared. He spoke of long marches, of hunger and thirst, with a boyish laugh. And she laughed, too, not knowing how else to show her pity. He spoke of the Land, and now, for the first time, she loved it. She knew it was also her Land, and she loved it. He spoke of the flag and what it meant. In her home she had no symbol of her country, and told him so. He drew a pen-knife from his pocket, cut a button from the collar, and handed it to her. On the button was an eagle and stars, and she pinned it over her heart, looking at him with innocent eyes.

She told him of her mother. She could not tell much, but she told him all she remembered. Then, involuntarily, she told him more about her life, her hopes long dead, her brother bearing his father's name and curse. She had not meant to do this at first, and as she spoke she had a dim idea that he ought to know who it was that he treated with gentleness and deference. She knew that it would not change anything in him — that he would be the same. Perhaps it was a vague hope that he might

advise her, perhaps be sorry. She could not analyse it, but she felt the necessity of speaking.

There is a time for all things, except confession. But to the lonely soul long stifled, time is chosen for confession when God sends the opportunity.

She spoke of honor as she understood it. She spoke of dishonor as she had known it.

When she was silent he began to speak, and she listened breathlessly. Ah! but she was right. The God of Battles had sent to her a messenger of peace. Out of the smoke and flame he had come to find her, and pity her. Through him, she knew she was worthy of honor. Through him, she learned her womanhood. From his lips she heard the truths of youth, which are truer than the truths of age.

He sat there in the lamp-light, his gilt straps gleaming, his glittering spurs ringing true with every movement, his bronzed young face bent to hers. She knew he knew everything that man could know; she drank in what he said, humbly. When he ceased speaking, she still looked into his eyes, fascinated. Their brilliancy dazzled her. The lamp spun a halo behind his head. Wondering at his knowledge, she wondered what those things might be that he knew, and had not told. He was smiling now. She felt the power and mystery of his eyes. It is true, he had not told her all he knew, although what a boy of eighteen knows is soon told. He had not told her that her brother lay buried in a trench in the beech grove on the ridge, shot by court-martial for desertion in the face of the enemy. Yet that was the very thing he had come to tell.

About midnight, when they had been whispering long together, he told her that her brother was dead. He told her that death with honor wiped out every stain, and she cried a little, and blessed God—the God of Battles, who had purified her brother in the flames of war.

And that night, when he lay asleep on the musty hair-cloth sofa, she crept in, white, silent and kissed his hair.

He never knew it. In the morning he rode away.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

O BROTHER ESAUS

MEN come and go in the thronging street,
They wander the world-wide sea,
They tread the forest with eager feet,
They roam like the sea-bird free.

But we, in the mirk of the clanging marts,
Drudge the dull hours away.

For our need—for their need who are near our hearts—

(God help us!)—we have sold the day.

The wind sings glad up the frosty sky,

The mad clouds flurry over,

The blown gull swoops high-veering by,

And calls to his comrade rover.

The striving trees toss free their gold

In the riot of wild November,

And we who roamed with the winds of old,

In our servile cells remember.

O brother Esau under the sun,

Who have sold for earthly lure

Free heaven's hue and the sea's broad blue,

God's primogeniture;

Was never a way but this,—to sit

Thus, here;—and to feel without

How the blown pines groan and the shrill gulls flit

And the pluming billows shout?

O brother Esau who yearn for the sky,

And dream of the splendors lost,

Who eat the bread ye have bought thereby,

Do ye count the bitter cost?

Through the citted world our hosts bend low

Over their sordid task,

While the free winds blow and the rivers flow

And sun-glad cattle bask.

But we, oh! pity us, Jacob, brother,—

We who have sold to you

The blessing of wood, and ridging flood,

And consecrating dew,—

We, in the mirk of our clanging marts,

Drudge life's brief best away.

For our needs—for their needs who are near our hearts—

(God help us!)—we have sold the day.

HERBERT BATES.

MORTALITY

ASHES to ashes! dust to dust!
What of his loving? what of his lust?
What of his passion! what of his pain?
What of his poverty? what of his pride?
Earth, the great mother, has called him again;
Deeply he sleeps, the world's verdict defied.
Shall he be tried again? shall he go free?
Who shall the court convene? where shall it be?
No answer on the land, none from the sea!
Only we know that as he did, we must—
You with your theory, you with your trust—
Ashes to ashes! dust unto dust!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.



A LITTLE BOY OF DREAMS

MY brother Hal had been dead seven years when the woman he was to have married came to visit us. On the night of her arrival I went in my nightdress to put a glass of tuberoses on the hall table. I had had headachy experiences of sleeping with tuberoses. She opened her door and called me.

"Come here, little girl," she said; "I want to talk."

She had begun to unpack, and the room presented a confused impression of tailor-made gowns and gauze gowns and petticoats flung over chairs. I could not have failed to remark how right and delicate and like her everything was, from the silk stockings thrown on the floor to the ivory toilet things on the dressing-table. I looked at them curiously, as though they had been crystallizations of her life. I had wondered so about her life. As soon as it was evident that Hal could not live, her parents had dragged her away to Europe, and when I got home from boarding-school—a girl of thirteen—she had gone. I had never seen her before this evening. From time to time we had heard of her social successes and the brilliant offers she had refused, and her delicate health. And at last they had let her come to us, because keeping her away seemed to do no good.

"You are very much like him," she said in the same cheerful tone. "Your expression—look at me a minute."

I looked up. She seemed to me very ethereal, very nervous, with excitable eyes and an absent-minded smile. As she sat on the edge of the bed I noticed that her feet were years younger than her face. The light wrinkles around her eyes conveyed an innuendo of tears. With a consciousness of my scanty attire, which I should not have had in the presence of a girl of my own age, I shared an uncomfortable seat with an opera-cloak and waited for her to go on.

"Do you remember him well?" she said.

"Yes—no," I stumbled. Remembering him absolutely as I did, I felt somehow that there was something inadequate in my recollection. Besides, to hear her talk of him as though he had merely gone away inexplicably shocked me. Dead people, in my experience, were only to be mentioned below the breath, and tearfully. At least, so my mother spoke when she spoke of him at all.

"This used to be his room, you know," she went on.

"Yes, I know," I said. I had an uncomfortable instinct to touch the subject very gently, as though he were her dead instead of mine.

"You don't mind sleeping with me to-night, do you?" she said suddenly. "I should love you to."

And then when the room was dark, except for a chastened star-lighted haze between the balcony doors, and she was lying by me, holding my hand, all my childish reserve and embarrassment fell from me like a garment. A nervous, intermittent breeze threw jets of perfume into the room now and again. The spell there was in the air for her was suggested vaguely to me. I understood that this place had last held him alive.

"I do want you to like me," she said. "You'll call me Anne, won't you?"

"I think you are lovely," I answered from my heart, and the poignancy in my tone surprised myself. Especially, now that I could see just a fluffy blur above two shadowy eyes, there emanated from her an influence that filled me with a hushed pity, and a queer sort of devotion, as if she were something sacred, — or sick.

"Are you sleepy? Do you mind talking?"

"Oh, no," I said fervently.

"It's a waste of life to sleep on a night like this, isn't it? Dear child, I hope you'll know some day what it is to get back to a place where you've been happy and miserable. They go together, I think. At least, the person you love best is always the person who makes you suffer the most. That's the criterion of love. But it's worth it. Oh, it is! . . . You don't know anything about it, do you?"

"I don't know whether I do or not," I blundered, realizing the hopelessness of a falsehood.

"Tell me about it some time. To-night's sacred to him. . . ."

Then I think I plucked up courage to put her hand to my cheek, and, in some way before either of us knew it she was telling me everything.

"We were to have been married in the spring," she said; then stopped for a moment.

"I can understand," she went on, half to herself, "that there are moments when you might be told that you would never see him again, and not be able to care, just because you were too absolutely happy to hold any other feeling. . . . You know what happened. We knew that there was something the matter with his heart, but none of us, himself least of all, guessed. He came to me one day and told me that he had two months to live. . . ."

"He would n't let me marry him. I wish I had; oh! I wish I had!"

"You see," she went on, after a moment, "somehow people did n't seem to give me the right even to mourn for him. They would n't have dragged his widow through all sorts of would-be distractions, would they, and talked as if it were only a matter of time before she forgot? It was a little thing, of course, but it seemed an insult to him. And then mother was miserable until she got me away; she said it was killing me. Suppose they had tried to take her away because her husband was dying! He wanted me to go too. That is,

sometimes he would break down and cry, — is n't it horrible to see a man cry, — and beg me to stay with him; and the next minute he would order me to go away. At last they said the worry about me was making him worse. I think that was a lie, but I believed it then; so I went. Three weeks afterwards we heard —"

She was crying, like an ordinary woman, at last. She cried herself quiet and went on, though from time to time I could feel her shake against my arm.

"I was ill after that, and mercifully delirious part of the time." Then she added, half-aloud, "That was the beginning."

"The beginning of what?" I ventured, when the pause threatened to be endless.

She started as though awakening, although her eyes had not closed. "I do n't know whether I ought to tell you," she said. "Do n't think you are listening to a crazy woman. One day, when I was getting well, unwillingly, — one day I found my own imagination, and from that hour to this I've never let it go again."

"You mean —" I began.

"I mean that I have trained myself to be an alien in your real world, and only at home in my own. It's morbid, I suppose; I'm not at all sure that madness does n't lie at the end of it. But it's so happy."

"I began with my love. I forced it to make me happy instead of miserable. I did n't try to stifle it any longer. I let it grow until I seemed only a part of it, and it became sufficient in itself, and satisfied itself, and was not only love, but lover. Try to understand. Is n't the love you feel for God enough without His sensible presence? You see I had Hal so mixed up with my religion that this was really an analogy. Of course it would n't have been possible with a different kind of man. Oh, it is so infinitely better to love a good man, even if he does n't love you, than to be satisfied with what most women consider happiness. I think I love him very much the way men love the best sort of women. If my angel had n't wanted me, and I could have bargained for his love at the price of just some little fall of his, I would n't have taken it!"

"Do you know, in most worship there seems to be an element of — well, of keeping your hands off, of distance, almost of repulsion. Mine has n't anything of that; it's a perfectly natural love. And gradually — not easily at first — I got him back again, almost as really as though he were there in the body, and I began the life we were to have had together, and it was n't a dream-life, — it was *true*."

"There is something else," she said, after a pause, and something in her tone pierced through all the hardness of my ignorance, and troubled me inexplicably.

"I think," she went on dreamily, "that love very often comes to a girl twin-born with another

kind of love. I used to go along the street sick with envy of the women I saw sometimes. I always wanted a son. I think, if I had had one, I'd have been almost content to see Hal's love go, — if he was still fond of me and did n't care for any one else. Well, I have him too; and the strange part of it is that he's realer than Hal. I can shut my eyes and *know* that he is here as I know that you are here. I've heard every tone of his dear little voice. I've made it such a habit to sleep with my arm crooked like this, that I'm uncomfortable any other way, and when I'm half asleep I can *feel* the cuddly soft baby thing there. I go everywhere with that little curly-headed ghost trotting by me. I'm as conscious of him as I am of myself. They say mothers always are when their children are babies, and somehow I can never think of Harry as any older than three. I wonder whether I should really have lost some of my passionate interest in my son when he began to think for himself. When I try to imagine him grown up, I get him so mixed up with Hal. . . ."

She lay for a moment gazing out into the sky between the balcony door. Then she turned to me and caught my wrist. Her eyes were shining in the dark, and when she spoke there was a thrill of exultation in her voice that made me almost afraid.

"I wonder whether you'll think me crazy," she said. "I'll tell you, anyway. To-night, just before you came in, I *saw* him, — Harry, — standing with his little bare feet on the balcony; and I was so afraid that he would take cold that I called out to him to come in, before I thought. I've read of such things happening to quite sane people, — hallucinations, they call them. And it's very good of God, I think."

And she laughed with such an intolerable sweetness in her voice that for the first time in my life I faltered on a sense of our entire helplessness, and the pity of it. This woman rejoiced over her madness.

"Good-night, little sister," she said at last. "I ought to be ashamed to keep you awake all night." And I put my head against her dear soft breast as though there had been a tangible wound there. In the gray dawn, long after she thought I was asleep, I heard her croon from time to time the silly divine things mothers say to their babies.

BEATRICE WITTE.



WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXII

THE next day it seemed to her at the bottom—down too far, in shuddering plunges, even to leave her a sense, on the Channel boat, of the height at which Sir Claude remained and which had never, in every way, been so great as when, much in the wet, though in the angle of a screen of canvas, he sociably sat with his step-daughter's head in his lap and that of Mrs. Beale's housemaid fairly pillowed on his breast. Maisie was surprised to learn, as they drew into port, that they had had a lovely passage, but this emotion, at Boulogne, was speedily quenched in others, above all in the great ecstasy of a larger impression of life. She was "abroad," and she gave herself up to it, responded to it, in the bright air, before the pink houses, among the bare-legged fishwives and the red-legged soldiers, with the instant certitude of a vocation. Her vocation was to see the world and to thrill with response to the picture; she had grown older in five minutes and had, by the time they reached the hotel, recognized in the institutions and manners of France a multitude of affinities and messages. Literally, in the course of an hour, she found the initiation; a consciousness much quickened by the superior part that, as soon as they had gobbled down a French breakfast—which was indeed a high note in the concert—she observed herself to play to Susan Ash. Sir Claude, who had already bumped against people he knew and who, as he said, had business and letters, sent them out together for a walk, a walk in which the child was avenged, so far as poetic justice required, not only for the loud giggles that, in their London trudges, used to break from her attendant, but for all the years of her tendency to produce socially that impression of an excess of the queer something which had seemed to waver so widely between innocence and guilt. On the spot, at Boulogne, though there might have been excess, there was at least no wavering: she recognized, she understood, she adored, and took possession; feeling herself attuned to everything and laying her hand, right and left, on what had simply been waiting for her. She explained to Susan, she laughed at Susan, she towered over Susan; and it was somehow Susan's stupidity, of which she had never yet been so sure, and Susan's bewilderment and ignorance and antagonism, that gave the liveliest rebound to her immediate perceptions and adoptions. The place and the people were all a picture together, a picture that, when they went down to the wide sands, shimmered, in a thousand tints, with the pretty organization of the *plage*, with the gaiety of spectators and bathers, with that of the language and the weather, and

above all with that of our young lady's unprecedented situation. For it appeared to her that no one, since the beginning of time, could have had such an adventure or, in an hour, so much experience; as a sequel to which she only needed, in order to feel with conscious wonder how the past was changed, to hear Susan, inscrutably aggravated, express a preference for the Edgeware Road. The past was so changed and the circle it had formed already so overstepped that on that very afternoon, in the course of another walk, she found herself inquiring of Sir Claude—and without a single scruple—if he were prepared as yet to name the moment at which they should start for Paris. His answer, it must be said, gave her the least little chill.

"Oh Paris, my dear child—I do n't quite know about Paris!"

This required to be met, but it was much less to challenge him than for the rich joy of her first discussion of the details of a tour that, after looking at him a moment, she replied: "Well, is n't that the *real* thing, the thing that when one does come abroad—?" He had turned grave again, and she merely threw that out: it was a way of doing justice to the seriousness of their life. She could n't, moreover, be so much older since yesterday without reflecting that if, by this time, she probed a little, he would recognize that she had done enough for mere patience. There was in fact something in his eyes that suddenly, to her own, made her desertion shabby. Before she could remedy this he had answered her last question, answered it in the way that, of all ways, she had least expected. "The thing it does n't do not to do? Certainly—Paris is charming. But, my dear fellow, Paris eats your head off. I mean it's so expensive."

That note gave her a start; it suddenly let in a harder light. Were they poor, then?—that is, was *he* poor, really poor beyond the pleasantries of appollinaris and cold beef? They had walked to the end of the long jetty that enclosed the harbour, and were looking out at the dangers they had escaped, the grey horizon that was England, the tumbled surface of the sea and the brown smacks that bobbed upon it. Why had he chosen an embarrassed time to make this foreign dash?—unless indeed it was just the dash economic, of which she had often heard and on which, after another look at the grey horizon and the bobbing boats, she was ready to turn round with elation. She replied to him quite in his own manner: "I see—I see." She smiled up at him. "Our affairs are involved."

"That's it"—he returned her smile. "Mine are not quite so bad as yours; for yours are really, my dear man, in a state I can't see through at all. But mine will do—for a mess."

She thought this over. "But is n't France cheaper than England?" England, over there in the thickening gloom, looked just then remarkably dear.

"I daresay — some parts."

"Then can't we live in those parts?"

There was something that for an instant, in satisfaction of this, he had the air of being about to say and yet not saying. What he presently said was:

"This very place is one of them."

"Then we shall live here?"

He did n't treat it quite as definitely as she liked.

"Since we've come to save money!"

This made her press him more. "How long shall we stay?"

"Oh, three or four days."

It took her breath away. "You can save money in that time?"

He burst out laughing, starting to walk again and taking her under his arm. He confessed to her on the way that she too had put a finger on the weakest of all his weaknesses, the fact, of which he was perfectly aware, that he probably might have lived within his means if he had never done anything for thrift. "It's the happy thoughts that do it," he said; "there's nothing so ruinous as putting in a cheap week." Maisie heard afresh, among the pleasant sounds of the closing day, that steel click of Ida's change of mind; she thought of the ten-pound note it would have been delightful, at this juncture, to produce for her companion's encouragement. But the idea was dissipated by his saying irrelevantly, in the presence of the next thing they stopped to admire: "We shall stay till she arrives."

She turned upon him. "Mrs. Beale?"

"Mrs. Wix. I've had a wire," he went on.

"She has seen your mother."

"Seen mamma?" Maisie stared. "Where in the world?"

"Apparently in London. They've been together."

For an instant this looked ominous—a fear came into her eyes. "Then she has n't gone?"

"Your mother?—to South Africa? I give it up, dear boy," Sir Claude said; and she seemed literally to see him give it up as he stood there and, with a kind of absent gaze—absent, that is, from *her* affairs—followed the fine stride and shining limbs of a young fishwife who had just waded out of the sea with her basketful of shrimps. His thought came back to her sooner than his eyes. "But I daresay it's all right. She would n't come if it was n't—poor old thing: she knows rather well what she's about."

This was so reassuring that Maisie, after turning it over, could make it fit into her dream. "Well, what *is* she about?"

He stopped looking, at last, at the fishwife; he met his companion's inquiry. "Oh, you know!" There was something in the way he said it that made, between them, more of an equality than she had yet imagined; but it had also more the effect of raising her up than of letting him down, and what it did with her was shown by the sound of her assent.

"Yes—I know!" What she knew, what she *could* know, is by this time no secret to us: it grew and grew, at any rate, the rest of that day, in the air of what he took for granted. It was better he should do that than attempt to test her knowledge; but there, at the worst, was the gist of the matter: it was open between them at last that their great change, as, speaking as if it had already lasted weeks, Maisie called it, was somehow built up round Mrs. Wix. Before she went to bed that night she knew, further, that Sir Claude, since, as *he* called it, they had been on the rush, had received more telegrams than one. But they separated again without speaking of Mrs. Beale.

Oh, what a crossing for the straighteners and the old brown dress—which latter appurtenance the child saw thriftily revived for the possible disasters of travel! The wind got up in the night, and from her little room at the inn Maisie could hear the noise of the sea. The next day it was raining and everything different: this was the case even with Susan Ash, who positively crowed over the bad weather, partly, it seemed, for relish of the time their visitor would have in the boat, and partly to point the moral of the folly of coming to such holes. In the wet, with Sir Claude, Maisie went to the Folkestone packet, on the arrival of which, with many signs of the fray, he made her wait, under an umbrella, on the quay; whence, almost before the vessel touched, he was to be descried, in quest of their friend, wriggling—that had been his word—through the invalids massed upon the deck. It was long till he reappeared—it was not indeed till every one had landed; when he presented the object of his benevolence in a light that Maisie scarce knew whether to deem the depth of prostration or the climax of success. The lady on his arm, still bent beneath her late ordeal, was muffled in such draperies as had never before contributed their support to so much woe. At the hotel, an hour later, this ambiguity dropped: assisting Mrs. Wix, in private, to refresh and reinvest herself, Maisie heard from her in detail how little she could have achieved if Sir Claude had n't put it in her power. It was a phrase that, in her room, she repeated in connections indescribable: he had put it in her power to have "changes," as she said, of the most intimate order, adapted to climates and occasions so various as to foreshadow in themselves the stages of a vast itinerary. Cheap weeks would of course be in their place after so much money spent on a governess; sums not grudged, however, by this lady's pupil even on her feeling her own appearance give rise, through the straighteners, to an attention perceptibly mystified. Sir Claude, in truth, had had less time to devote to it than to Mrs. Wix's; and moreover she would rather be in her own shoes than in her friend's creaking new ones in the event of an encounter with Mrs. Beale. Maisie was too lost in the idea of Mrs. Beale's

judgment of so much newness to pass any judgment herself. Besides, after much luncheon and many endearments, the question took quite another turn, to say nothing of the pleasure of the child's quick view that there were other eyes than Susan Ash's to open to what she could show. She could n't show much, alas, till it stopped raining, which it declined to do that day; but this had only the effect of leaving more time for Mrs. Wix's own demonstration. It came as they sat in the little white and gold *salon* which Maisie thought the loveliest place she had ever seen except, perhaps, the apartment of the Countess; it came while the hard summer storm lashed the windows and blew in such a chill that Sir Claude, with his hands in his pockets and cigarettes in his teeth, fidgetting, frowning, looking out and turning back, ended by causing a smoky little fire to be made in the dressy little chimney. It came in spite of something that could only be named his air of wishing to put it off; an air that had served him—oh, as all his airs served him!—to the extent of his having, for a couple of hours, confined the conversation to gratuitous jokes and generalities, kept it on the level of the little empty coffee-cups and *petits verres* (Mrs. Wix had had two of each!) that struck Maisie, through the fumes of the French fire and the English tobacco, as a token, more than ever, that they were launched. She felt now, in close quarters and as clearly as if Mrs. Wix had told her, that what this lady had come over for was not merely to be chaffed and to hear her pupil chaffed—not even to hear Sir Claude, who knew French in perfection, imitate the strange sounds emitted by the English folk at the hotel. It was perhaps half an effect of her present renovations—as if her clothes had been somebody's else: she had at any rate never produced such an impression of high colour, of a redness really so vivid as to be feverish. Her heart was not at all in the gossip about Boulogne; and if her complexion was partly the result of the *déjeuner* and the *petits verres*, it was also the brave signal of what she was there to say. Maisie knew, when this did come, how anxiously it had been awaited by the youngest member of the party. "Her ladyship packed me off—she almost put me into the cab!" That was what Mrs. Wix at last brought out.

XXIII

Sir Claude was stationed at the window; he did n't so much as turn round; and it was left to Maisie to take up the remark. "Do you mean you went to see her yesterday?"

"She came to see me; she knocked at my shabby door; she mounted my squalid stair. She told me she had seen you at Folkestone."

Maisie wondered. "She went back that evening?"

"No; yesterday morning. She drove to me

straight from the station. It was remarkable. If I had a job to get off she did nothing to make it worse—she did a great deal to make it better." Mrs. Wix hung fire, though the flame in her face burned brighter; then she became capable of saying: "Her ladyship's kind! She did what I did n't expect."

Maisie, on this, looked straight at her step-father's back; it might well have been for her, at that hour, a monument of her ladyship's kindness. It remained as such, at all events, monumentally still, and for a time that permitted the child to ask of their companion: "Did she really help you?"

"Most materially." Again Mrs. Wix paused; again she quite resounded. "She gave me a ten-pound note."

At that, still looking out, Sir Claude, at the window, laughed loud. "So, you see, Maisie, we've not quite lost it!"

"Oh, no!" Maisie responded. "Is n't that too charming?" She smiled at Mrs. Wix. "We know all about it." Then, on her friend's showing such blankness as was compatible with such a flush, she pursued: "She does want me to have you?"

Mrs. Wix showed a final hesitation, which, however, while Sir Claude drummed on the window-pane, she presently surmounted. It came to Maisie that in spite of his drumming and of his not turning round he was really so much interested as to leave himself, in a manner, in her hands: which, somehow, suddenly seemed to her a greater proof than he could have given by interfering. "She wants me to have you!" Mrs. Wix declared.

Maisie answered this bang at Sir Claude. "Then that's nice for all of us."

Of course it was, his continued silence sufficiently admitted, while Mrs. Wix rose from her chair and, as if to take more of a stand, placed herself, not without majesty, before the fire. The incongruity of her smartness, the circumference of her stiff frock, presented her as really more ready for Paris than any of them. She also gazed hard at Sir Claude's back. "Your wife was different from anything she had ever shown me. She recognizes certain proprieties."

"Which?—do you happen to remember?" Sir Claude asked.

Mrs. Wix's reply was prompt. "The importance for Maisie of a gentlewoman—of some one who is not—well, so bad! She objects to a mere maid, and I do n't in the least mind telling you what she wants me to do." One thing was clear—Mrs. Wix was now bold enough for anything. "She wants me to persuade you to get rid of the person from Mrs. Beale's." Maisie waited for Sir Claude to pronounce on this; then she could only understand that he, on his side, waited, and she felt particularly full of common sense as she met her responsibility. "Oh, I do n't want Susan with you!" she said to Mrs. Wix.

Sir Claude, always from the window, approved. "That's quite simple. I'll take her back."

Mrs. Wix gave a positive jump; Maisie caught her look of alarm. "'Take' her? You do n't mean go over on purpose?"

Sir Claude said nothing for a moment; after which, "Why should n't I leave you here?" he inquired.

Maisie, at this, sprang up. "Oh do, oh do, oh do!" The next moment she was interlaced with Mrs. Wix, and the two, on the hearth-rug, their eyes in each other's eyes, considered the plan with intensity. Then Maisie perceived the difference of what they saw in it. "She can surely go back alone: why should you put yourself out?" Mrs. Wix demanded.

"Oh, she's an idiot—she's incapable. If anything should happen to her it would be awkward: it was I who brought her—without her asking. If I turn her away, I ought, with my own hand, to place her exactly where I found her."

Mrs. Wix's face appealed to Maisie on such folly, and her manner, as directed to their companion, had, to her pupil's surprise, an unprecedented sharpness. "Dear Sir Claude, I think you're perverse. Pay her fare, and give her a sovereign. She has had an experience that she never dreamed of and that will be an advantage to her through life. If she goes wrong on the way it will be simply because she wants to, and, with her expenses and her remuneration—make it even what you *like*!—you will have treated her as handsomely as you always treat every one."

This was a new tone—as new as Mrs. Wix's cap; and it could strike a perceptive person as the upshot of a relation that had taken on a new character. It brought out, for Maisie, how much more even than she had guessed her friends were fighting side by side. At the same time it needed so definite a justification that, as Sir Claude now, at last, did face them, she at first supposed it in resentment of excessive familiarity. She was therefore yet more puzzled to see him show the whole of his serene beauty, as well as an equal interest in a matter quite distinct from any freedom but her ladyship's. "Did my wife come alone?" He could ask even that good-humouredly.

"When she called on me?" Mrs. Wix was red now: his good humour could n't keep down her colour, which, for a minute, glowed there like her ugly honesty. "No—there was some one in the cab." The only attenuation she could think of was, after a minute, to add: "But they did n't come up."

Sir Claude broke into a laugh—Maisie herself could guess what it was at; while he now walked about, still laughing, and, at the fireplace, gave a gay kick to a displaced log, she felt more vague about almost everything than about the drollery of such a "they!" She in fact could scarce have told you if it was to deepen or to cover the joke that she

bethought herself to remark: "Perhaps it was her maid."

Mrs. Wix gave her a look that, at any rate, deprecated the wrong tone. "It was not her maid."

"Do you mean there are, this time, two?" Sir Claude asked as if he had not heard.

"Two maids?" Maisie went on as if she might assume he had.

The reproach of the straighteners darkened; but Sir Claude cut across it with a sudden: "See here—what do you mean? And what do you suppose *she* meant?"

Mrs. Wix let him for a moment, in silence, understand that the answer to his question, if he did n't take care, might give him more than he wanted. It was as if, with this scruple, she measured and adjusted all that she gave him in at last saying: "What she meant was to make me know that you're definitely free. To have that straight from her was a joy I, of course, had n't hoped for: it made the assurance, and my delight at it, a thing I really proceed upon. You already know I would have started even if she had n't pressed me; you already know what, so long, we have been looking for, and what, as soon as she told me of her step taken at Folkestone, I recognized with rapture that we *have*. It's your freedom that makes me right"—she fairly bristled with her logic. "But I do n't mind telling you that it's her action that makes me happy!"

"Her action?" Sir Claude echoed. "Why, my dear woman, her action is just a heinous crime. It happens to satisfy our sympathies in a way that's quite delicious; but that does n't in the least alter the fact that it's the most abominable thing ever done. She has chucked our friend here overboard not a bit less than if she had shoved her, shrieking and pleading, out of that window, and down two floors, upon the paving-stones."

Maisie surveyed serenely the parties to the discussion. "Oh, your friend here, dear Sir Claude, does n't plead and shriek?"

He looked at her a moment. "Never. Never. That's one—only one, but charming so far as it goes—of about a hundred things we love her for." Then he pursued to Mrs. Wix: "What I can't for the life of me make out is what Ida is *really* up to, what game she was playing in turning to you with that damned cheek after the beastly way she has used you. Where—to explain her at all—does she fancy she can presently, when we least expect it, take it out of us?"

"She does n't fancy anything, nor want anything out of any one. Her damned cheek, as you call it, is the best thing I've ever seen in her. I do n't care a fig for the beastly way she used me—I forgive it all a thousand times over!" Mrs. Wix raised her voice as she had never raised it; she quite triumphed in her lucidity. "I understand her—I almost admire her!" she proclaimed. She

spoke as if this might practically suffice; yet in charity to fainter lights she threw out an explanation. "As I've said, she was different: upon my word I would n't have known her. She had a glimmering—she had an instinct: they brought her. It was a kind of happy thought, and if you could n't have supposed she would ever have had such a thing, why, of course, I quite agree with you. But she did have it. There!"

Maisie could see that, from what it with liveliness lacked, this demonstration gathered a certain something that might almost have exasperated. But, as she had often watched Sir Claude in apprehension of displeasure that did n't come, so now, instead of his saying "Oh hell!" as her father used, she observed him only to take refuge in a question that, at the worst, was abrupt. "Who *is* it this time, do you know?"

Mrs. Wix tried blind dignity. "Who is *what*, Sir Claude?"

"The man who stands the cabs. Who was in the one that waited at your door?"

At this challenge she faltered so long that it occurred to Maisie's conscience to give her a hand. "It was n't the Captain."

Her good intention, however, only changed her old friend's scruple to a more ambiguous stare; besides, of course, making Sir Claude go off. Mrs. Wix fairly appealed to him. "Must I really tell you?"

His amusement continued. "Did she make you promise not to?"

Mrs. Wix looked at him still harder. "I mean—before Maisie."

Sir Claude laughed again. "Why, *she* can't hurt him!"

Maisie felt herself, as it passed, brushed by the light humour of this. "Yes, I can't hurt him!"

The straighteners again roofed her round; after which they seemed to crack with the explosion of their wearer's honesty. Amid the flying splinters Mrs. Wix produced a name. "Mr. Knackfuss."

There was for an instant a silence that, under Sir Claude's influence and while he and Maisie looked at each other, suddenly pretended to be that of gravity. "We do n't know Mr. Knackfuss—do we, dear?"

Maisie gave the point all needful thought. "No—not Mr. Knackfuss."

It was a passage that worked visibly on their friend. "You must excuse me, Sir Claude," she said with an austerity of which the note was real, "if I thank God to your face that he *was* in his mercy—I mean his mercy to our charge—allowed me to achieve this act." She gave out a long puff of pain. "It was time?" Then, as if still more to point the moral: "I said just now I understood your wife. I said just now I admired her. I stand to it: I did both of those things when I saw how even *she*, poor thing, saw. If you want the dots

on the i's you shall have them. What she came to me for, in spite of everything, was that I'm just—" she quavered it out—"Well, just clean! What she saw for her daughter was that there must at last be a *decent* person!"

Maisie was quick enough to jump a little at the sound of this implication that such a person was what Sir Claude was not; the next instant, however, she more profoundly guessed against whom the discrimination was made. She was therefore left the more surprised at the complete candour with which he embraced the worst. "If she's bent on decent persons, why has she given her to *me*? You do n't call me a decent person, and I'll do *Ida* the justice that *she* never did. I think I'm as indecent as any one, and that there's nothing in my behaviour that makes my wife's sacrifice a bit less awful!"

"Do n't speak of your behaviour," Mrs. Wix cried; "do n't say such horrible things: they're false, and they're wicked, and I forbid you! It's to *keep* you decent that I'm here and that I've done everything I *have* done: it's to save you—I won't say from yourself, because in yourself you're beautiful and good! It's to save you from the worst person of all: I have n't, after all, come over to be afraid to speak of her! *That's* the person in whose place her ladyship wants such a person as even *me*; and if she thought herself, as she as good as told me, not fit for Maisie's company, it's not, as you may well suppose, that she may make a place for Mrs. Beale!"

Maisie watched his face as it took this outbreak, and the most she saw in it was that it turned a little white. That indeed made him look, as Susan Ash would have said, queer, and it was perhaps a part of the queerness that he intensely smiled. "You're too hard on Mrs. Beale. She has great merits of her own."

Mrs. Wix, at this, instead of immediately replying, did what Sir Claude had been doing before: she moved across to the window and stared a while into the storm. There was, for a minute, to Maisie's sense, a hush that resounded with wind and rain. Sir Claude, in spite of these things, glanced about for his hat; on which Maisie spied it first and, making a dash for it, held it out to him. He took it with the gleam of a "Thank you" in his face, but as he did so something moved her still to hold the other side of the brim; so that, united by their grasp of this object, they stood, some seconds, looking many things at each other. By this time Mrs. Wix had turned round. "Do you mean to tell me," she demanded, "that you *are* going back?"

"To Mrs. Beale?" Maisie surrendered his hat, and there was something that touched her in the embarrassed, almost humiliated way their companion's challenge made him turn it round and round. She had seen people do that who, she was sure, did nothing else that Sir Claude did. "I

can't just say, my dear thing. We'll see about it—we'll talk of it to-morrow. Meantime I must get some air."

Mrs. Wix, with her back to the window, threw up her head to a height that, still for a moment, had the effect of detaining him. "All the air in France, Sir Claude, won't, I think, give you the courage to deny that you're simply afraid of her!"

Oh, this time he did look queer: Maisie had no need of Susan's vocabulary to note it! It would have come to her of itself as, with his hand on the door, he turned his eyes from his step-daughter to her governess and then back again. Resting on Maisie's, though for ever so short a time, there was something they gave up to her and tried to explain. His lips, however, explained nothing; they only surrendered to Mrs. Wix. "Yes. I'm simply afraid of her!" He opened the door and passed out.

It brought back to Maisie his confession of fear of her mother; it made her step-mother then the second lady about whom he failed of the particular virtue that was supposed most to mark a gentleman. In fact there were three of them if she counted in Mrs. Wix, before whom he had undeniably quailed. Well, his want of valour was but a deeper appeal to her tenderness. To thrill with response to it she had only to remember all the ladies she herself had, as they called it, finked!

(To be Continued.)

REVIEWS

THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE

THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE AND THE RISE OF ALLEGORY.—By George Saintsbury, M.A. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY in an apologetic and self-depreciatory mood hardly appears to be Professor Saintsbury at all. Yet *The Flourishing of Romance* begins and ends with his statements of his demerits, and similar bits of shamefacedness, mingled with a certain pride of achievement, run between. This might be thought to be the foundation for the compromises, the middle courses, steered through the book; but the author's reasonableness in this, characteristically acidulated rather than sweet, at once proves it to be no more than his usual sanity and catholicism in literary judgments and relieves the mind of the reader from all apprehensions caused by the display of something like bashfulness.

It may be premised that, seemingly as modesty is in an undertaking which means writing two and editing ten more volumes of a universal history of European literature from the Middle Ages to the present day, including both periods, any assumption of its necessity is unfounded, and the author cannot beg our

pardon faster than we shall assure him of our distinguished consideration and increased regard after reading his latest work. His plan is a most estimable one, taking, as it does, for its text Matthew Arnold's searching statement: "The criticism which alone can help us for the future is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." The series is called *Periods of European Literature*. The first volume is to be written by Prof. W. P. Ker, the book before us is the second of the set, though, as the preface discloses, the first in point of presentation to the public, and subsequent numbers are to be undertaken by Messrs. F. J. Snell, David Hannay, Oliver Elton, Edmund Gosse, and Walter H. Pollock among others, leaving the editor himself to close with *The Later Nineteenth Century*. This last, which means an extension of the point of view taken of French and English literature in his four volumes of essays to the entire modern field, will be looked forward to with impatience. Meanwhile, let us glance at the delectabilities before us.

Professor Saintsbury begins with mediæval Latin. "The influence of form which the best Latin hymns of the Middle Ages exercised in poetry," he concludes, "the influence in vocabulary and in logical arrangement which Scholasticism exercised in prose are beyond dispute." Thence he goes to the romances, quoting for his sequence Jean Bodel, a *trouvère* of the thirteenth century:

"Ne sont que trois matières à nul home attendant,
De France et de Bretagne et de Rome la grant."

France, then, leads the way with a consideration of the *chansons de geste*. Many of them are discussed in detail, though their names alone are guaranties of their romantic character, and the estimate reads, "that while the best of them are remarkably good of their kind, few of them can be called positively bad in it." England follows, contributing the Arthurian legends chiefly. The appreciation of them is excellently done, full or piquant touches, — as when the author exclaims, "May God assoil Dunlop!" (for calling Guinevere merely Lancelot's mistress), — and takes a careful course past critical extremists, though the opinion that the legends are a literary growth is given with no trembling nor hesitating voice. The romances inherited from antiquity are then taken up, — sortilege in one of them being defined as "a sort of *kriegs-spiel* in a basin with wax ships," — and a most important chapter on the making of English follows.

Here, again, extremes are avoided, Professor Saintsbury urging that "a middle way may be taken between those historians of English who would have a great gulf fixed before Chaucer, and those who insist upon absolute continuity from Cædmon to Tennyson." Similarly cautious, sensible, and decided are his conjectures regarding the origin of our English

prosody, which he will leave wholly to neither the quantity nor the accent-men. Middle High German poetry,—Germany's literary energy, he says, is "commentatorial or nothing," from the Nibelungenlied to the songs of Walter of the Bird-Meadow (Walther von der Vogelweide), which he praises so highly and so deservedly,—leads to the *fabliaux*, of which he holds that the Earl of Roscommon's famous dictum is not necessarily true; thence to the sagas, to the Provençal *trouvères* and all their interesting verse-forms, and, finally, to the lesser efforts made in the peninsulas of Greece, Italy, and Spain. A brief chapter sums up "this attempt to survey the literature of Europe during one, if not of its most accomplished, most enlightened, or most generally admired periods, yet assuredly one of the most momentous, the most interesting, the fullest of problem and of promise."

Congratulating Professor Saintsbury upon this achievement, we may express the hope that the omen may be wanting which impends from his former essay of a second volume—in the "History of Literature" series, where we have been awaiting both predecessor and sequel for more than five years.

A FRENCH VOLUNTEER OF THE REVOLUTION

A FRENCH VOLUNTEER OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—Translated and Edited by Robert B. Douglas. 8mo. Charles Carrington. \$1.75.

THE translation, at the present time, of *Les Mémoires du Comte de Moré* (the original work was first published by Honoré de Balzac during his little career as a printer) is doubtless due to the recent acceptance, by a fragment of the American people, of the Confucian tenet of ancestor-worship. The jovial Count has been at rest these sixty years—and during all that time, and longer, the Revolutionary fathers have been wondering, like Sir Boyle Roche, what their descendants have ever done for them. Then, of a sudden, there is a general awakening to the fact that we are posterity,—some of us,—and books of this kind flourish, and we have many varieties of children of the Revolution, every mother's son and daughter of them devoted to maintaining our institutions just as they found them—which illustrates one difference between themselves and their illustrious forbears, quite as plainly as their pride of birth proves another.

Of all these societies, the Order of the Cincinnati—which the translator gets "Cincinnatus"—is by far the oldest and least democratic—a Triton among these minnows of recent growth. Well, while our hero was still the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, he went one day to dine with Madame du Barry. Monsieur le Comte Dufort de Cheverny tells the story in the preface of this book: "Seeing that

the Chevalier wore the Order of the Cincinnati, she narrated the following incident: 'When I was at Versailles, I had the six tallest and best-looking footmen that could be found, but the noisiest, laziest rascals that ever lived. The ringleader of them gave me so much trouble that I was obliged to send him away. The war in America was then beginning, and he asked for letters of recommendation. I gave them [times have changed but little in this respect], and he left with a well-filled purse, and I was glad to get rid of him. A year ago he came to see me, and he was wearing the Order of the Cincinnati.' We all laughed at the story, except the Chevalier de Pontgibaud."

The Chevalier was one of the first twelve among the French to receive the decoration,—which he wrongly sets down as an official one,—and he says of his countrymen, that the "slightest connection with America was considered sufficient basis for a claim to this honor." In his case, however, it was abundantly deserved. A member of the engineer corps which did such inestimable service to the American cause, the Chevalier had a command at the battle of Trenton, was present at the siege of Yorktown, made three voyages across the Atlantic,—the last time as an exile during the French Revolution, for the purpose of getting his back pay, amounting to \$10,000,—and his account of his various sojournings is fascinatingly told. His description of the Continental Army at Valley Forge—the translator leaves it *Forges*—is vivid, if somewhat upsetting: "Instead of the imposing spectacle I expected, I saw, grouped together or standing alone, a few militiamen, poorly clad, and for the most part without shoes;—many of them badly armed, but all well supplied with provisions, and I noticed that tea and sugar formed part of their rations. I did not then know that this was not unusual, and I laughed, for it made me think of the recruiting-sergeants on the Quai de la Ferraille in Paris, who say to the yokels, 'You will want for nothing when you are in the regiment; but if bread should run short, you must not mind eating cakes.' Here the soldiers had tea and sugar."

It was the Chevalier, too, who saved the life of Paul Jones, just after his victory over the *Serapis*, while the naval hero was running away in a great fright from a French sailor named Landais.

The book is prettily printed, with an etching of the author for frontispiece. The translation is adequate, and the narrative interesting in both a personal and historical sense.



MR. ALLEN'S NEW NOVEL

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. — By James Lane Allen.
16mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

THE elusive and half-recognized fragrance of *Esmond* hangs about the pages of *The Choir Invisible*, set though the story is in Kentucky of the last century. Beatrix is gone, and Amy Falconer, a fluttering canary-bird of a girl, has a befittingly smaller part to play. But when John Gray's affection passes from her into a deeper love for her aunt, there comes into the story a serene tenderness that brings a memory of Lady Castlewood. For Jessica Falconer, though she is not free, her changeless, wistful love for John Gray is something she can control; but for him, a kind of Puritan knight, duty calls for silence and renunciation. Back across the Alleghanies he travels, never to see her again, but worshipping always at her shrine, as in the days of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, when "Men and women could love together seven years, and then was love truth and faithfulness." Nothing could be simpler than the story, yet it is pathetic, and at times almost intolerably sweet. Calm and restrained, it is at the same time passionate, with an emphasis on the spiritual side of love which has been sadly lacking in recent fiction. The story is dynamically pure, clean by more than the mere absence of impurity.

It cannot be said that Mr. Allen has exercised the art of compression. It is a leisurely tale, and sauntering alongside of it Mr. Allen displays for us the pageant of the settlement of the West. Through the town of Lexington surges the stream of conquering pioneers, and to its taverns flock the backwoodsmen, gay with buckskin breeches and turkey-feathers. Pack-trains from Philadelphia bring all kinds of female frippery, and the wives of the officers dance the minuet in a splendor worthy of colonial Virginia and Maryland. The Indian has been finally driven away, and the country-side is settling down to a joy of fruitfulness. In this coruscating, shifting picture the minor characters yield to no temptations of archaic speech, but are vitally comprehensible.

No less extraordinary than the historic vividness is the outdoor atmosphere of the book. Mr. Allen's style has an early-morning freshness about it. The book is drenched in sunlight, and breaks into pink-and-white blossoming on almost every page. No other American writer employs such a varied and joyful imagery in his descriptive passages. Here is a bit of the spring's coming: "He knew of old the pipe of this imperious shepherd, sounding along the inner vales of his being; herding him towards universal fellowship with seeding-grass and breeding herb and every heart-holding creature of the woods." And John Gray's fighting the panther with his empty hands is as stirring a piece of writing as one may wish for.

Mr. Allen's book is almost the only tangible evi-

dence we have had of the alleged reaction from morbid and doubtful literature to something nobler and stronger. *The Choir Invisible* is the work of a delicate and painstaking artist, it is distinctly American, yet with no merely local interest. It is written for love of beauty and humanity, and in the constant discussions concerning the "Great American Novel," this book may, at least, be admitted as evidence.

A STUDENT'S PASTIME

A STUDENT'S PASTIME. — By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Lit.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Ph.D. 8vo.
The Clarendon Press. \$2.50.

MOST of us have a scholastic acquaintance with Professor Skeat dating back a number of years. It has not always been an enjoyable acquaintance, but there has nevertheless been the feeling that we should like the Professor better if he would disclose a little more of his personality. In this latest volume of his, we continue to go to school to him, and to hear the familiar reproofs of the classroom from his lips, but it is not until we have been admitted to a certain degree of intimacy, through the medium of the autobiographical introduction.

"For myself," he says of earlier days, "I had the special advantage of reading in Cambridge before entering college at all, my private tutor, in mathematics, being the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. It is not many years since I again met the Bishop at Ely, on which occasion I reminded his lordship of his former helpfulness, when he replied with that geniality which made him so attractive: 'Well, do you know I had quite forgotten it!' immediately adding, to my intense surprise, 'I wish you'd teach me something!' And it turned out that he, at any rate, knew my books." But before that the young scholar had had excellent training at the public school at Highgate, where, among other things, he was set to translating Latin into English verse,—the very reverse of the plan customary then—and now, in England. One result, as Doctor Skeat sets it forth, will make a long-suffering public pray for its speedy and unanimous adoption. "A boy who has done English verses at school," so he writes, "soon gets to understand what genius he has in that direction. If he finds it to be very small, he has learnt a most valuable lesson; viz., to refrain, when he comes of age, from publishing a volume of 'poems.'" But that he holds the poetic art in all due honor is learned from others of his statements, as when he advises, "It does not take much longer to read the *Paradise Regained* than a second-rate three-volume novel, and, for my part, I prefer the poem." Then he adds: "I am aware that others are of different opinion."

Young Mr. Skeat was duly entered at Christ College, and of his contemporaries there he gives a happy glimpse: "It was a treat to hear Charles Stuart Calverley, more familiarly known by his own chosen title of 'C. S. C.,' accompany himself on the pianoforte whilst singing his Italian songs. It perchance a line of *La Donna è Mobile* slipped his memory, its place was readily supplied by other words that would suit the scansion, such as 'mezzo-soprano,' or 'la piano forte,' or the English phrase 'mili potaato,' and even such a word as 'celery' sounded like Italian when the *c* before the *e* was duly pronounced like the *ch* in *chin*."

Professor Skeat quotes some interesting information from his first book, now long out of print. He tells us of the beginnings of the Early English Text Society, of the English Dialect Society, and of the steps which led to the publication of the great *Oxford Dictionary*, now so happily inaugurated. Then we come to the body of the book, made up of contributions to *Notes and Queries*, carefully culled, and covering thirty years of investigations. The information thus imparted is so curious, at once so minute and all-embracing, that it is a hopeless task to attempt to give even the baldest notion of it.

The chief defect in the book is what may be called its schoolmasterfulness, "I wish," the author blurts out, "that those who wrote about this word would read my Dictionary. They might then come to know what they are talking about." But even this in reiteration may find offset in such a counter-statement as "I have to thank R. R. for his clear explanation of a most absurd blunder of my own." The exceeding interest of the subject-matter to every student of English makes us hope for the success of this well-digested work, especially as Professor Skeat tells us: "If the reception of the present volume is sufficiently encouraging, it will be easy to produce another, or even two more, of like kind."

THE MODERN PROBLEM

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.—By Margaret Deland.
16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

MRS. DELAND is tormented with philanthropy. She feels the need of solving problems for the public; and, perhaps to escape the old-fashioned, she attacks the problems that are known as modern. In this latest book of hers, she struggles to be frank, to appeal straight to those entangled. Here she is knowing, in the four stories as they are arranged, flaunting a hideously increasing perception of the unpleasant. A girl that will not forgive the man she is to marry for a wrong-doing of his youth; a woman that cannot solve the question of the cleanliness of gold; a plumber's daughter who learns at college to despise her "class"; a misguided philanthropic young lady who makes weak attempts to save a woman of the gutter, — these four creatures

of moral strength are studied, explained, analyzed, for the elevation of the public morals. Mrs. Deland is skillful in her choice; she could not well have built a more progressive climax to the pinnacle of hugger-mugger. She discloses these sex-mates of hers cheerfully. There is blitheness in every line. Glimpses of suggestive surroundings and descriptions of limp scenery serve to heighten the bad taste of the whole book. No doubt there is a purpose behind, but there it lurks modestly, too decent to join in the company afforded it.

The craving for the "problem" is insatiable. Mrs. Deland has learned that. She has, on that account, taken advantage almost cruel of the innocent public. She is successful; her books sell. Now, in these stories she has gone deeper into the wilderness of the unnecessary for her tangles. She points them out with proud clearness, and then steps aside to watch the world straighten them. She sees these tangles with appalling vividness, almost with a flippant triviality that suggests familiarity, but she goes no further.

If there be any virtue in this sort of mere formulation of problems, Mrs. Deland will be credited with much; but if it is to him that helps, however little, to show the way out that gratitude is due, Mrs. Deland will find her labor thankless. Few have time to worry over these abstract problems, even for the somewhat sadly inefficient recompense of Mrs. Deland's approbation. The weak shame of Nellie Sherman does not touch most of us closely.

It is worth while to remember that Mrs. Deland has written wonderfully of flowers, and that she is very successful in growing jonquils. Perhaps she may again delight us with a healthy book on horticulture.

BIOGRAPHY WELL DONE

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER OF MACEDON. By David G. Hogarth, M.A. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

RIGHTLY judging our present needs to lie rather in the direction of an interpretation of the character of Philip than of Alexander of Macedon, Mr. Hogarth devotes more than half of his excellently presented work to the biography of the former, holding, as will his readers, that too little has been said heretofore of that earlier king who assuredly made the career of Alexander possible. In doing this he preserves throughout the book an attitude of fairness and judicial impartiality which would grace a chief justice, and which makes the strongest appeal to the critic.

We are told of Philip's birth, education, and early exile to Thebes; of his aims and broad ambition; at the same time our attention is called to the commingling, in his character, of nobility and self-seeking, of statesmanship and mere chicanery,

of broad generosity and petty meanness. The book abounds in anecdotes of his cruelty and bad faith. But, it goes on to say, "there is a tale, strangely characteristic of Philip, told by more than one authority about the night at Chæroneia [after the epoch-making Macedonian victory there]. The suppliant heralds [of Athens and Thebes] were bidden to wait — one authority says their request was refused — and Philip himself made meanwhile a great feast with his captains. It was such an orgy as his soul delighted in, with many a light o' love, and music and dancing; and in the gray dawn he reeled out mad-drunk through his camp, and on to the corpse-strewn field, shouting songs of tipsy triumph, and jeering at the Athenians and their run-away Demosthenes. But among his huddling prisoners stood forth an Athenian orator, one Demades, a man of incisive speech, as many anecdotes attest, and he faced Philip unabashed, 'King, when Fate has cast thee for Agamemnon, art not ashamed to play Thersites?' And something in the gibe, perhaps because it reminded him of that world of culture to which he had bid so long and so doubtfully for acceptance, some dim conviction of a shameful inferiority, penetrated to the fuddled sense of Philip. The impetuous captain tore off his garlands and trod them underfoot, with the winecups and flutes, and licentious emblems of his crew, ordered Demades to be loosed, and went away, humbled and ashamed." The hint here given of his appreciation of the true glory of Athens, and his life-long abstention from harming her even by a Macedonian footfall, gives an insight into the nature of one who will be unhesitatingly pronounced not less a man than a king.

In bringing out these realities, the mixture of clay and precious metal in the half-Greek, half-barbarian monarch, Mr. Hogarth does not find it necessary to disparage the good names of Philip's adversaries. Demosthenes, it is true, is obliged to take a place somewhat lower than he would if we relied upon the testimony of his own speeches and nothing more, but at the same time his great name is freed from a charge of something worse than demagoguery which has come down from antiquity. His humanity, frail as the article ever is, rather endears him to us without the glamor — we see the political forces which made him what he was still at work, shaping the careers of our own orators and statesmen. The biographer has succeeded admirably in giving us this feeling of contemporaneity, and his point of view is made the more acute by his having made a careful geographical study of a part of Philip's ancient territory on the spot, though, as he rightly complains, Macedonia as a whole is unexplored.

Alexander first appears in these pages — after the announcement of his ominous birth — as a *man* of sixteen, already more mature in body and mind than those of double his years, fighting before Perinthus, leading an army against the Illyrians, and founding

his first city. Soon we are reminded that it was Alexander in person who lead "the matchless feudal 'Companion' cavalry" at Chæroneia, then he disappears for a time, through the ensuing quarrel with his father, until the latter's life is rounded by its dramatic close, which, though certainly the most spectacular in all history, is still given adequate description here. But it is only when Philip has passed away that we come to realize that this maker of a nation and overthrower of cities, this man who was enabled, single-handed, to change the order of the world, and, by loosing the Hellenes from the narrow limits of Greece, enable them to overflow more of the earth than they had dreamed of, lived but forty-six years, and died when he was five years younger than Lincoln was when elected first to the Presidency, the age of Washington at the battle of Trenton.

If the father's fortunes are followed with such interest, what shall we say of the historian's treatment of the greater and better-known son, the conqueror of continents, the great general who never lost a battle, the far-seeing administrator who changed the earth's civilization, the first EMPEROR! Holding the same scales of impartial justice in his hands, Mr. Hogarth still contrives to give a picture as interesting in scope and in detail as the romance which subsequent ages founded upon his hero's life. "We are confronted from the very outset," he writes, "by a most masterful and conscious character, self-reliant to a fault, little hampered by restraints of constitution or family, but disciplined somewhat in Philip's hard school of arms. Add a most brilliant, precocious intellect, given the widest scope, by contact, for three years, with the mind of Aristotle, and deeply tinged with the romantic side of Hellenic culture; add the frame and constitution of an Olympic victor, and, again, the beauty of a Praxitelean god, . . . Alexander was born to do the most good or the most harm in the world."

The book is well digested and set forth, but always with a little smack of the oil of the midnight lamp. It is provided not only with a careful index, but with an appendix, in which the Alexandrian chronology is given elaborate attention. It is suitably illustrated by reproductions of statutes, reliefs, and coins, and is, in fine, creditable alike to its author and its publishers.

NOTABLE VERSE

THE BUILDERS, AND OTHER POEMS.—By Henry Van Dyke. 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

THOUGH Dr. Van Dyke follows the custom in naming his book from its most pretentious content, he does not hesitate to give precedence to his lyrics and less formal poems, leaving *The Builders* to serve as a climax to his work. This unusual and courageous proceeding brings this academic ode rather more

clearly before the mind's eye than the more conventional arrangement permitted; and Princeton University is to be congratulated upon the association of so noble an utterance with its sesquicentennial celebration. It deserves to find such a place in the affections of that ancient institution as Lowell's Commemoration Ode has made for itself at Harvard. We can only regret that the printer here has seen fit to omit the titles of its subdivisions from their proper places, leaving them to be gleaned from the table of contents, or not at all.

The preceding lyrics have the true cry—the appeal of Nature to Man, the demand of Man to Nature. The note struck by the first poem of the book is sustained throughout the first two chapters, appropriately named *Out of Doors* and *Four Birds and a Flower*, respectively. Of all of these the *Snow Song* seems destined to the highest popularity, thus:

Does the snow fall at sea?
Yes, when the north winds blow,
When the wild clouds fly low,
Out of each gloomy wing,
Hissing and murmuring,
Into the stormy sea
Falleth the snow.

Does the snow hide the sea?
On all its tossing plains
Never a flake remains;
Drift never resteth there;
Vanishing everywhere,
Into the hungry sea
Falleth the snow.

What means the snow at sea?
Whirled in the veering blast,
Thickly the flakes drive past;
Each like a childish ghost
Wavers, and then is lost.
Type of life's mystery,
In the forgetful sea
Fadeth the snow.

The tender melody, no less than the significance of this, warrants its memorization by all those wise ones who thus store up food for reflection.

Of the verses in the other chapter it is difficult to withhold praise, though the translations are perhaps the least happy of any of Dr. Van Dyke's work. Especially to be commended are the two sonnets on Armenia, which are rather more than worthy of association with Mr. Watson's sequence in *The Year of Shame*.



SALT-WATER STORIES

THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS: AND OTHER STORIES OF THE SEA.—By John R. Spears. 12mo. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

LOSS of appetite, or a mouth inadvertently agape while bathing, has taught us landmen a proper respect for salt-water. In this feeling those who cruise about on it have their full share, heightened somewhat by an admiration neither *mal de mer* nor the flavor of the brine can compel. It is therefore easier to make an interesting story out of flotsam or jetsam, or ligam, or anything else to which the sea lends bouyancy, than to any similar material elsewhere—a fact of which many a mediocre man has made much.

The Port of Missing Ships does not illustrate this so much, for it is a clever conception; but the *Other Stories of the Sea*—there are two of them—do. One is a little sermon in narrative form, with the Golden Rule for text, and virtue vindicated for conclusion; the other is a rather tame fight, a tamer rescue, and the tamest possible love affair; both are loosely knit; neither is tersely told.

Yet it is only just to add that the volume as a whole is above the average in interest, when viewed either as a collection of sea-stories or as a work of art divested of oceanic glamor. But this is only because the virtues of the first story in it are enough to compensate for the faults of the others and leave something to spare.

THE PURCHASE OF DUKES

HIS FORTUNATE GRACE.—By Gertrude Atherton. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

THIS book concerns itself with the purchase of dukes,—and with vulgarity. Indeed, Mrs. Atherton's name on a title-page has come to be a guaranty that this latter quality will be the book's most salient characteristic. Other writers have found the world wicked or tiresome; no one has realized so completely as Mrs. Atherton that it is irredeemably common and cheap. This characteristic is not easily displayed in quotation, for it is all-pervasive and gently insistent, rather than concisely formulated. One passage may suffice.

"How are you to meet him?" asks Augusta Forbes of her mother concerning the Duke.

"Fletcher Cuyler will bring him to my box, of course. Are not all distinguished foreigners brought to my shrine at once?"

"True," said Miss Forbes.

As for the story, it is understood before one begins. The Duke of Bosworth, who is one of the least vulgar people in the book, means to marry Mabel Creighton, but a break in the Creighton fortunes makes it impossible for her to pay his price. So

Augusta, Mabel's dearest friend, buys him in, or prepares to do so.

Her father objects,—for reasons moral and medical. So Augusta and her mother, who is more beautiful than the daughter, and keener for the social advantages of the match, flee to London, where they sulk at the father, still obdurate and unrelenting in New York. Here Mrs. Atherton gives her plot a most unhackneyed turn, and shows again that freshness of imagination which makes the reading of her books so dreadful. There seems no way to conquer the stern father, so the beautiful mother suddenly discovers herself to be with child. This felicitous event brings the father to London in a melting mood, he purchases the Duke for five million dollars, and St. George's is chastely decorated for the nuptials.

Mrs. Atherton's style is as silly as ever, and her coined words, such as "United Statesians" more ridiculous than usual. She hints at actual happenings in the way of international marriages, and we suspect that she longed to write a *roman à clef*. If she will only do so, we feel sure that the originals, even if they belong to that worst-bred class, "New York's 400," will prove the falsity of Mrs. Atherton's sentimental faith in the complete vulgarity of American life.

HEART-TONES

HEART-TONES, AND OTHER POEMS.—By D. O' Kelly Branden. *The Peter Paul Book Company.* \$1.25.

THE striking series of poems on the visions of St. Paul of the Cross with which this volume concludes have appeared in permanent form before, and there seems to be too little else included to warrant the book's existence. The *Poems of the Sentiments* are unexceptionally commonplace; the *Patriotic Poems* halt and stumble, and the *Religious Poems*, though better conceived than the rest, are altogether outshone by the fervor, somewhat reminiscent of Crashaw's, of the *Visions* spoken of above. The publisher, in a printed slip, sets forth that this "is a very handsome piece of bookmaking." In this we believe him to be misinformed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FROM THE UPANISHADS.—By Charles Johnston. 18mo. Thomas B. Mosher.
THE EYE OF THE SUN.—By Edward S. Ellis. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.
LATIN MANUSCRIPTS.—By Harold W. Johnston. 4to. Scott Foresman and Co. \$2.25.
MAMMON. A SPIRIT SONG.—By Louis M. Elshemus. 16mo. Eastman Lewis.
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IN THE TIDEWAY.—By Flora Annie Steel. 16mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.—By Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reifsnnyder. 12mo. The Anna C. Reifsnnyder Book Co. \$1.25.

A WOMAN'S PART IN A REVOLUTION.—By Mrs. John Hays Hammond. 16mo. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.
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SKETCHES OLD AND NEW.—By Walter P. Phillips. 12mo. George Munro's Sons.
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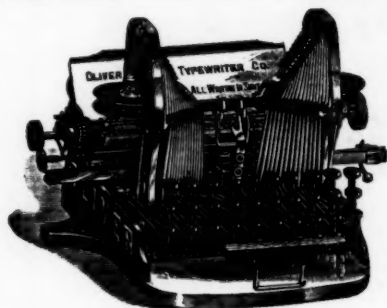
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